

HYMNS AND PSALMS.

THE END OF THE WORLD

A
COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS AND PSALMS.
FOR
PUBLIC WORSHIP.

L O N D O N :

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HYMNS AND PSALMS.

HYMN I. Long Metre.

*All nations called upon to praise God the Creator.
A plain translation of Psalm C.*

I.

Ye nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sov'reign king:
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

II.

The Lord is God: 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give:
We are his work, and not our own;
The sheep that on his pastures live.

III.

Enter his gates with songs of joy,
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.

IV.

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure:
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

B

HYMN

HYMN II. Long Metre.

A paraphrase of the same.

I.

Sing to the Lord with joyful voice;
 Let ev'ry land his name adore;
 The British isles shall send the noise
 Across the ocean to the shore.

II.

Nations attend before his throne
 With solemn fear, with sacred joy:
 Know that the Lord is God alone;
 He can create, and he destroy.

III.

His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men:
 And when, like wandering sheep, we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.

IV.

We are his people, we his care,
 Our souls and all our mortal frame:
 What lasting honours shall we rear,
 Almighty maker, to thy name!

V.

We'll croud thy gates with thankful songs;
 High as the heav'ns our voices raise;
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

VI. Wide

VI.

Wide as the world is thy command !

Vast as eternity thy love !

Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,

When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN III. Long Metre.

The one living and true God.

I.

Eternal God, almighty cause

Of earth and seas and worlds unknown ;

All things are subject to thy laws ;

All things depend on thee alone.

II.

Thy glorious being singly stands,

Of all within itself posselt :

Controul'd by none are thy commands ;

Thou from thyself alone art blest.

III.

To thee alone ourselves we owe ;

Let heav'n and earth due homage pay ;

All other Gods we disavow,

Deny their claims, renounce their sway.

IV.

Spread thy great name thro' heathen lands ;

Their idol deities dethrone ;

Reduce the world to thy command,

And reign, as thou art, God alone.

B 2

4 H Y M N S A N D P S A L M S.

HYMN IV. Long Metre.

The divine perfections.

I.

GREAT God ! thy glories shall employ
Our holy fear, our humble joy ;
Our lips in grateful songs, shall bring
Their tribute to th' eternal king.

II.

THE earth and stars, and worlds unknown,
Depend precarious on thy throne ;
All nature rests upon thy word,
And men and angels own their Lord.

III.

HIS sov'reign pow'r what mortal knows ;
If he command, who dares oppose ?
With strength he girds himself around,
And treads the rebels to the ground.

IV.

WHO shall pretend to teach thee skill,
Or guide the counsels of thy will ?
Thy wisdom, like a sea divine,
Flows deep and high above our line.

V.

Th' eternal law before thee stands :
Thy justice, with impartial hands,
Divides to all their due reward,
Or by the sceptre, or the sword.

VI. Thy

HYMNS AND PSALMS. 5

VI.

Thy love reveals a chearing face,
Thy truth and promise seal the grace :
Thy mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

VII.

Thou, God of heav'n ! dost condescend
To be our father and our friend :
We love thy name ; we love thy word :
Join, all our pow'rs, to praise the Lord.

HYMN V. Common Metre.

The immutability of God.

I.

Thro' endless years thou art the same,
O ever blessed God !
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And tell thy works abroad.

II.

The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid ;
By thee the beauteous arch of heav'n
With matchless skill was made.

III.

Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Form'd by thy pow'rful hand,
Be, like a vesture, laid aside,
And chang'd at thy command.

B 3

IV. But

6 HYMNS AND PSALMS,

IV.

But thy perfections, all-divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Thro' everlasting ages shine,
With undiminish'd rays.

V.

Thy servants children, still thy care;
Shall own their father's God;
To latest times thy favour share,
And spread thy praise abroad.

HYMN VI. Long Metre.

God incomprehensible.

I.

Can creatures, to perfection, find
Th' eternal uncreated mind?
Or can the largest stretch of thought
Measure and search thy nature out?

II.

'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell;
And what can mortals know, or tell?
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky
And all the shining worlds on high.

III.

God is a king of pow'r unknown;
Firm are the orders of his throne;
If he resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask him why, or what he does?

IV. He

IV.

He wounds the heart, and he makes whole;
He calms the tempest of the soul:
When he shuts up in long despair,
Who can remove the heavy bar?

V.

He frowns, and darkness veils the moon,
The fainting sun grows dim at noon:
The pillars of heav'n's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.

VI.

He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,
The crooked serpent and the worm;
He breaks the billows with his breath,
And smites the sons of pride to death.

VII.

These are a portion of thy ways;
But who shall dare describe thy face?
Who can endure thy light, or stand
To hear the thunders of thy hand?

HYMN VII. Long Metre.

The all-seeing God.

I.

Lord, thou hast search'd and seen us thro';
Thine eye commands with piercing view,
Our waking and our sleeping hours,
Our heart and flesh with all their powers.

II.

Our thoughts, before they are our own,
Are to our God distinctly known: He

8 HYMNS AND PSALMS,

He knows the words we mean to speak,
E'er from our op'ning lips they break.

III.

Within thy circling power we stand;
On every side we find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
We are surrounded still with God.

IV.

Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
Our souls with all the pow'rs they boast,
Are in the boundless prospect lost.

V.

O may these thoughts possess our breast,
Where-e'er we rove, where-e'er we rest!
Nor let our weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

PAUSE I.

VI.

Could we so false, so faithless prove,
To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could we thy presence shun,
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

VII.

If up to heaven we take our flight;
'Tis there thou dwellest enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell; there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

VIII. If

VIII.

If mounted on a morning-ray
We fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest the fugitive.

IX.

Or should we try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Wou'd kindle darkness into day.

X.

O may these thoughts possess our breast,
Where-e'er we rove, where-e'er we rest!
Nor let our weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

PAUSE II.

XI.

The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thine all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon
Thro' midnight-shades as blazing noon.

XII.

Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee;
Nor death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

XIII.

O may these thoughts possess our breast,
Where-e'er we rove, where-e'er we rest!

B 5

Nor

10 HYMNS AND PSALMS.
Nor let our weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

HYMN VIII. Common Metre.

To God the Creator.

I.

Great first of beings! mighty Lord
Of all this wondrous frame!
Produc'd by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.

II.

Thy voice sent forth the high command;
T'was instantly obey'd:
And thro' thy goodness all things stand,
Which by thy pow'r were made.

III.

Thy glories shine throughout the whole,
Each part reflects thy light:
For thee, in course the planets roll,
And day succeeds the night.

IV.

For thee, the sun disperses heat
And beams of chearing day:
The distant stars in order set,
By night, thy pow'r display.

V.

For thee, the earth its produce yields;
For thee, the waters flow:
And various plants adorn the fields,
And trees aspiring grow.

VI. Inspir'd

VI.

Inspir'd with praise, our minds pursue
This wise and noble end ;
And all we think, and all we do
Shall to thine honour tend.

HYMN IX. Common Metre.

To God the Creator and Lord of all.

I.

Almighty God ! thy pow'rful word
From nothing all things brought :
Earth, seas, and Skies, by thee, their Lord,
With skill divine were wrought.

II.

By thee preserv'd the world remains
A proof of pow'r divine :
Whatever this great whole contains,
By sov'reign right is thine.

III.

Thou over all art Lord supreme,
All things from thee derive :
No creature can dispute thy claim,
Or independant live.

V.

To thine all-gracious pow'r we bow ;
Our wills to thee resign :
Accept the praise ; accept the vow ;
We wou'd be ever thine.

HYMN X. Common Metre.
To God the Creator of mankind.

I.

God of our lives, whose bounteous care
First gave us pow'r to move;
How shall our thankful hearts declare
The wonders of thy love?

II.

While void of thought and sense we lay,
Dust of our parent earth;
Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,
And call'd us into birth.

III.

From thee our limbs their fashion took;
And e'er our life began,
Within the volume of thy book,
Were written ev'ry one.

IV.

Thine eye beheld in perfect view
The yet unfinish'd plan;
Th' imperfect lines thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future man.

V.

O may this frame, which rising grew
Beneath thy forming hands,
Be studious ever to pursue
Whate'er thy will commands.

HYMN XI. Common Metre.

The goodness of God.

I.

Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace,
O God, our heav'nly king;
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.

II.

God reigns on high, but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Thro' the whole earth thy bounty shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.

III.

With longing eyes thy creatures wait
On thee, for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,
And fills their mouths with good.

IV.

How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pardoning word
To cheer the souls he loves.

V.

Creatures with all their endless race
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim;
But those that taste thy richer grace
Delight to bless thy name.

HYMN

HYMN XII. Long Metre.

The daily goodness of God.

I.

Great God, how endless is thy love !
 Thy gifts are ev'ry ev'ning new ;
 And morning mercies from above
 Gently distil, like early dew.

II.

Thou spreadst the curtains of the night,
 Great guardian of our sleeping hours ;
 Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
 And quickens all our drowsy pow'rs.

III.

We yield our pow'rs to thy command ;
 To thee we consecrate our days :
 Perpetual blessings from thine hand
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

HYMN XIII. Long Metre.

The goodness of God unchangeable.

I.

Eternal source of ev'ry joy !
 Well may thy praise our lips employ,
 While in thy temple we appear :
 Thy goodness crowns the circling year.

II. Wide

II.

Wide as the earth and planets roll,
Thy hand supports and cheers the whole;
By thee the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

III.

The flow'ry spring at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

IV.

Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive hymns of praise:
Still be the chearful homage paid,
With op'ning light, and ev'ning shade.

V.

O may our more harmonious tongues
In worlds unknown pursue the songs:
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN XIV. Common Metre.

The eternal dominion of God.

I.

Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

II. Thy

II.

Thy throne eternal ages flood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

III.

Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.

IV.

Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears;
Great God! there's nothing new.

V.

Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

VI.

Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

HYMN XV. Short Metre.

Divine mercy.

I.

O blefs the Lord, our souls;
Let all within us join,
And aid our tongues to blefs his name,
Whole favours are divine.

II.

O blefs the Lord, our souls;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

III.

'Tis he forgives our fins;
'Tis he relieves our pain;
'Tis he that heals our sicknesses;
And makes us strong again.

VI.

He crowns our lives with love,
When ransom'd from the grave:
He that redeems our souls from death,
Hath sov'reign pow'r to save.

V.

He fills the poor with good;
He gives the suff'ers rest:
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for th' oppress.

18 HYMNS AND PSALMS.

VI.

His wond'rous works and ways,
He made by Moses known:
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved son.

HYMN XVI. Short Metre.

The same.

I.

O ur souls, repeat his praise
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

II.

God will not always chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.

III.

High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of thy grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

IV.

Thy pow'r subdues our sins;
And thy forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

H Y M N S A N D P S A L M S. 19

V.

The pity of the Lord
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel:
He knows our feeble frame.

VI.

He knows we are but dust,
Scatter'd with ev'ry breath:
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

VII.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r:
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

VIII.

But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And childrens children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

H Y M N X V I I. Long Metre.

God kind and merciful.

I.

Let ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all:
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

II. When

II.

When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distressed
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

III.

Thy grace supports our tottering days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all thy ways,
And all thy words are truth.

IV.

Thou knows the pains thy servants feel;
Thou hears thy childrens cry;
And their best wishes to fulfil
Thy grace is ever nigh.

V.

Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere,
To save the souls, whose humble love
Is join'd with holy fear.

HYMN XVIII. Common Metre.

The compassion of God.

I.

O thou, the wretched's sure retreat,
Who dost our cares controul,
And with the chearful smile of peace
Revive the fainting soul!

II. Did

HYMNS AND PSALMS. 21

II.

Did ever thy relenting ear
The humble plea disdain?
Or when did plaintive mis'ry sigh,
Or supplicate, in vain?

III.

Oppress'd with grief and shame, dissolv'd
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our restless doubts,
And dissipates our fears.

IV.

New life from thy refreshing grace
Our sinking hearts receive;
Thy gentlest best lov'd attribute,
To pity and forgive.

HYMN XIX. Common Metre.

The wisdom of God in his works.

I.

Songs of immortal praise belong,
To thee, almighty God!
To thee are due our heart, our tongue,
To spread thy name abroad.

II.

How great the works thy hand has wrought!
How glorious in our sight!
And men in ev'ry age have sought
Thy wonders with delight.

III. How

22 HYMNS AND PSALMS.

III.

How most exact is nature's frame !

How wise th' eternal mind !

Thy counsels never change the scheme

That thy first thoughts design'd.

IV.

Nature and time, and earth and skies

Thy heav'nly skill proclaim :

What shall we do to make us wise,

But learn to read thy name ?

V.

To fear thy pow'r, to trust thy grace,

Is our divinest skill ;

And he's the wisest of our race

That best obeys thy will.

HYMN XX. Long Metre.

The wisdom of God in his works :

I.

Great God, the heav'n's well order'd
frame

Declares the glories of thy name ;

There thy rich works of wonder shine :

A thousand starry beauties there,

A thousand radiant marks appear

Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.

II.

From night to day, from day to night,

The dawning and the dying light,

Lectures

HYMNS AND PSALMS. 23

Lectures of heavenly wisdom read:
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to the Creator's praise,
And neither sound or language need.

III.

Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun:
All nature joins to shew thy praise,
Thus God in ev'ry creature shines:
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is thy book of grace.

HYMN XXI. Long Metre.

The equity of the divine dispensations.

I.

Father of men, who can complain
Under thy mild and equal reign?
Who does a weight of duty share
More than his aids and pow'rs can bear?

II.

With diff'ring climes and diff'ring lands,
With fruitful plains and barren sands,
Thy hand hath form'd this earthly round,
And set each nation in its bound.

III.

With like variety thy ray
Here sheds a full, there fainter day;

While

24 HYMNS AND PSALMS.

While all are in their measure shew'd
The way to happiness and God.

IV.

O the unbounding grace which brought
To us the words by Jesus taught !
So blest and with such hopes inspir'd,
How much is giv'n, how much requir'd ?

HYMN XXII. Long Metre.

Divine providence.

Thro' all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good ;
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.

II.

Thou givest with a father's care,
How e'er unjustly we complain,
To each their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

III.

All things on earth, and all in heav'n
On thine eternal will depend ;
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue th' appointed end.

IV.

Be this our care—to all beside
Indiff'rent let our wishes be :
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fix'd our souls, O God, on thee.

HYMN XXIII. Long Metre.

The perfections and providence of God.

I.

High in the heav'ns, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break thro' ev'ry cloud,
Which veils and darkens thy designs.

II.

For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wife are the wonders of thy hands,
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

III.

Thy providence is kind and large;
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge;
The good are thy peculiar care.

IV.

O God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs;
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

VI.

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HYMN XXIV. Long Metre.

Confidence in the divine protection.

I.

The Lord my pasture shalt prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye;
 My noon-day walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountains pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers soft and slow
 Amidst the verdant landkip flow.

III.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
 Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray;
 Thy presence shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile;
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

IV.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread
 With gloomy horrors overspread,

My

My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dismal shade.

HYMN XXV. Long Metre.

Dependence upon providence.

I.

Great Lord of earth, and seas, and skies,
Great Lord of wealth the needy world supplies:
On thee alone the whole depends,
Thy care to ev'ry part extends.

II.

To thee perpetual thanks we owe,
For all our comforts here below;
Our daily bread thy bounty gives,
And ev'ry rising want relieves.

III.

The wastes of life thy pow'r repairs,
Thy mercy stills tempestuous cares:
And safe beneath thy guardian arm,
We live secur'd from ev'ry harm.

IV.

To thee we cheerful homage bring;
In grateful hymns thy praises sing;
Direct to thee our waiting eyes,
And humbly look for fresh supplies.

V.

We still are indigent and poor, O, much too
Indebted much, yet lacking more; *in yd*
On thee we ever will depend,
The rich, the sure, the faithful friend.

VI.

And should thy measures seem severe,
Calmly may we thy chaff'ning bear:
Without complaint to thee submit,
Th' unerring judge of what is fit.

HYMN XXVI. Long Metre.

Dependence on providence.

I.

O n thee, O God! we still depend,
Our father, and our constant friend;
All that is good thou can'st supply,
And put all threat'ning evil by.

II.

Should wars on ev'ry side invade,
We'll shelter seek beneath thy shade:
We'll trust to thy paternal care,
Nor want, nor harm, nor danger fear.

III.

We'll still refer ourselves to thee, *in yd*
And with our lot contented be;
With one consenting heart and voice,
Approve our heav'nly father's choice.

IV. From

IV.

From earth we'll turn our longing eyes,
To regions far beyond the skies;
O fit us for that blest abode,
Where dwells our father and our God.

HYMN XXVII. Long Metre.

To God the preserver.

I.

The earth, and all the heavenly frame,
Their great Creator's love proclaim,
He gives the sun his genial pow'r,
And sends the soft refreshing show'r.

II.

The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men:
To men, who from thy bounteous hand,
Receive the gifts of ev'ry land.

III.

Nor to the human race alone,
Is thy paternal goodness shown;
The tribes of earth and sea and air
Enjoy thine universal care.

IV.

Not ev'n a sparrow yields it's breath,
Till God permits the stroke of death:
He hears the ravens when they call,
The father, and the friend of all.

HYMN XXVIII. Common Metre.

To God our preserver.

I.

Great God! to thee, our grateful tongues
 United thanks shall raise:
 Inspire our hearts to tune the songs,
 Which celebrate thy praise!

II.

From thine almighty forming hand,
 We drew our vital pow'rs:
 Our time revolves at thy command
 In all its circling hours.

III.

Thy pow'r, our ever-present guard,
 From ev'ry ill defends:
 While num'rous dangers hover round,
 Our help from thee descends.

IV.

Beneath the shadow of thy wings
 How sweet is our repose:
 The morning light renews the springs,
 From whence our comfort flows.

V.

In celebration of thy praise,
 We would employ our breath:
 And walking stedfast in thy ways,
 Will triumph e'en in death.

HYMN

HYMN XXIX. Common Metre.

Preserving goodness acknowledged.

I.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!

Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care;
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

Thy mercy sweeten'd ev'ry soil,
Made ev'ry region please;
The hoary frozen hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the boist'rous seas.

IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep,
In all its horrors rise!

V.

Confusion dwell in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart;
When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst in the confidence of pray'r
My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung,
High on the broken wave;
I knew thou wer't not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will:
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

IX.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, whilst thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death shall be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

HYMN XXX. Proper Tune.

God our father and our friend.

I.

The Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high ;

The garments he assumes
Are light and majesty :

His glories shine

With beams so bright,

No mortal eye

Can bear the sight.

II.

The thunders of his hand

Keep the wide world in awe ;

His truth and justice stand

To guard his holy law ;

And where his love

Resolves to bless,

His truth confirms,

And seals the grace.

III.

And will this gracious king

Of glory condescend ?

Will he declare himself,

“ Our father and our friend ; ”

We love his name,

We love his word ;

C 5

Join

Join all our pow'rs,
To praise the Lord.

HYMN XXXI. Common Metre.

The faithfulness of God.

I.

O ur never-ceasing songs shall show
Thy mercies, gracious Lord!
And make succeeding ages know
How faithful is thy word.

II.

The sacred truths thy lips pronounce
Shall firm as heav'n endure:
And if thou speak a promise once,
Th' eternal grace is sure.

III.

How long the race of David held
The promis'd Jewish throne!
But there's a nobler cov'nant seal'd
To David's greater son.

IV.

His seed for ever shall possess
A throne above the skies;
The meanest subject of his grace
Shall to that glory rise.

V.

Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
Are sung by saints above;

And

And we on earth would honour raise
To thy unchanging love.

HYMN XXXII. Common Metre.

Praise to God.

I.

Great is the Lord; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs:
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

II.

Great is thy mercy, sov'reign Lord;
Thou giv'st thy children food;
And ever mindful of thy word,
Dost make thy promise good.

III.

Thy son, the great redeemer, came
To seal thy cov'nant sure:
Holy and rev'rend is thy name,*
Thy ways are just and pure.

IV.

They who would grow divinely wise,
Must with thy tear begin;
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry sin.

* Psalm cxi. 9.

HYMN XXXIII. Long Metre.

The same.

Praise ye the Lord; our God to praise
 Our souls their utmost pow'rs shall raise:
 With private friends, and in the throng
 Of saints, thy praise shall be our song.

Thy works, for greatness tho' renown'd,
 Thy wond'rous works, with ease, are found
 By those who seek for them aright,
 And in the pious search delight.

Thy works are all of matchless fame,
 And universal glory claim:
 Thy truth, confirm'd thro' ages past,
 Shall to eternal ages last.

By precept thou hast us enjoyn'd,
 To keep thy wond'rous works in mind;
 And to posterity record,
 That good and gracious is our Lord.

HYMN XXXIV. Common Metre

The same.

I.

Thou wilt we blest, our God and king,
Thy endless praise proclaim;

This tribute daily will we bring,
And ever blest thy name.

II.

Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd:

Thy majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.

III.

Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future times extends:

From age to age thy glorious name
Successively descends.

IV.

Whilst we thy glory and renown,
And wondrous works express:

The world with us thy might shall own,
And thy great pow'r confess.

V.

The praise that to thy love belongs,
They shall with joy proclaim:

Thy truth of all their grateful songs
Shall be the constant theme.

VI. Thou

VI.

Thou, Lord, art good; fresh acts of grace
Thy pity still supplies:

Thy anger moves with slowest pace,

Thy willing mercy flies.

VII.

Thy love thro' earth extends its fame,

In all thy works exprest:

These shew thy praise, whilst thy great name
Is by thy servants blest.

H Y M N XXXV. Common Metre.

Praise to the great and good God.

I.

Long as we live, we'll blest thy name,
Great king, and God of love:
Our work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

II.

Great art thou, Lord, thy pow'r unknown,
And let thy praise be great:
We'll sing the honours of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

III.

Thy grace shall dwell upon our tongues,
And while our lips rejoice,
The men who hear our sacred songs,
Shall join their chearful voice.

Fathers

Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways:
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
Shall thro' the world be known:
Thine arm of pow'r, thy heavenly state
With public splendor shown.

V.

The world is govern'd by thy hands,
Thy people rul'd by love:
And thine eternal kingdom stands,
Tho' rocks and hills remove.

HYMN XXXVI. Long Metre.

Universal praise to God.

I.

O God, our king, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of our days:
Thy grace employ our humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

II.

The wings of ev'ry hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And ev'ry setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

III. Thy

40 HYMNS AND PSALMS.

Thy truth and justice we proclaim;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow;
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

Thy works with slow reign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let Britain round her shores proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.

Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make our song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

VI.
But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds:
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

HYMN XXXVII. Common Metre.

Praise to the Creator.

I.

Jehovah reigns, let every nation hear,
 And at his footstool bow with holy fear;
 Let heav'n's high arches echo with his name,
 And the wide peopled earth his praise pro-
 claim,

Then

Then send it down to hell's deep gloom
resounding,
Thro' all her caves in dreadful murmurs
founding.

IV.

He rules with wide and absolute command
O'er the broad ocean and the steadfast land;
Jehovah reigns, unbounded, and alone,
And all creation hangs beneath his throne;
He reigns alone, let no inferior nature
Usurp, or share the throne of the Creator.

III.

He saw the struggling beams of infant light
Shoot thro' the massy gloom of ancient night,
His spirit hush'd the elemental strife,
And brooded o'er the kindling seeds of life;
Seasons and months began their long pro-
cession
And measur'd o'er the year in bright suc-
cession.

IV.

The joyful sun sprung up th' ethereal way
Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom gay;
And the pale moon diffus'd her shadowy
light
Superior, o'er the dusky brow of night,

42 HYMNS AND PSALMS.

Ten thousand glittering lamps the skies

adorning,

Numerous as dew drops from the womb of
morning.

V.

Earth's blooming face with rising flowers
he drest,

And spread a verdant mantle o'er her breast,

Then from the hollow of his hand he pours

The circling waters round her winding
shores,

The new born world in their cool arms em-
bracing,

And with soft murmurs still her banks ca-
ressing.

VI.

At length the rose compleat in finish'd pride;

All fair and spotless like a virgin bride;

Fresh with untarnish'd lustre as the flood

Her maker blest his work, and call'd it good;

The morning stars with joyful acclamation

Exulting sung, and hail'd the new creation.

VII.

Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,

Tho' built by God's right hand must pass
away;

And

And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings;
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

VIII.

The sun himself with weary clouds oppress'd
Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest,
His golden urn shall broke, and uselefs lie,
Amidst the common ruins of the sky:
The stars rush headlong in the wild commo-
tion

And bathe their glittering foreheads in the
ocean.

IX.

But fix'd, O God, for ever stands thy throne,
Jehovah reigns, a universe alone;
Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame
Collected, or diffus'd is still the same;
He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence,
And fills all space with his unbounded pre-
sence.

X.

But oh! our highest notes the theme debase,
And silence is our least injurious praise;
Cease, cease, your songs, the daring sight
controul,

Revere him in the stillness of the soul:

With

44 HYMNS AND PSALMS.

With silent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep within your inmost hearts adore
him.

HYMN XXXVIII. Common Metre.

Praise to God for his works.

I.

Give thanks to God most high,
Jehovah, heavenly king;
And let the spacious earth,
His works and glories sing:

Thy power and grace
Are still the same,
And let thy name
Have endless praise.

II.

How mighty is thy hand!
What wonders hast thou done!
Who form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone:

Thy mercy, Lord, we still adore,
Shall still endure,
And ever sure

Abides thy word.

Thy

III.

Thy wisdom fram'd the sun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars
To cheer the darksome night:

Thy power and grace

Are still the same,

And let thy name

Have endless praise.

IV.

Thine only Son is sent

To save us from our woe,

From Satan, sin, and death,

And ev'ry hurtful foe;

Thy mercy, Lord,

Shall still endure,

And ever sure

Abides thy word.

HYMN XXXIX. Long Metre. V

Praise for protection, grace and truth.

I.

O God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,
I hide us beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

II. Up

46 HYMNS AND PSALMS.

II.

Up to the heav'ns we send our cry,
The Lord will our desires perform;
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves us from the threatening storm.

III.

Be thou exalted, gracious God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

IV.

Our heart is fix'd: our song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, our tongue, to sound his praise,
Our tongue, the glory of our frame.

V.

High o'er the earth thy mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
Thy truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

VI.

Be thou exalted, gracious God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

HYMNS AND PSALMS.

47

HYMN XL. Common Metre.

Praise for God's providential care.

I.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er we turn our eye !
If we survey the ground we tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

II.

There's not a plant, or flow'r below,
But makes thy glories known ;
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from thy throne.

III.

Creatures (as numerous as they be)
Are subject to thy care :
There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.

IV.

Thy hand is our perpetual guard,
Thou keep'st us with thine eye :
Why should we then forget thee, Lord,
Who art for ever nigh ?

HYMN

HYMN XL. Long Metre.

*Praise to God for his universal care and
goodness.*

I.

Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord!
All nature rests upon thy word,
And the whole race of creatures stand,
Waiting their portion from thy hand.

II.

While each receives his diff'rent food,
Their chearful looks pronounce it good;
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
Rejoice and praise in diff'rent forms.

III.

But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
And dying to their dust return;
Both man and beast their souls resign;
Life, breath and spirit, all are thine.

IV.

Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
And fill the world with beasts and men;
A word of thy creating breath
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

V.

Thy works, the wonders of thy might,
Are honour'd with thy own delight;

How

How awful are thy glorious ways?
O Lord, how dreadful in thy praise!

HYMN XLII. Short Metre.

God's sovereignty, and goodness to man.

I.

O Lord, our heav'nly king,
Thy name is all divine:
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.

II.

When to thy works on high
We raise our wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies:

III.

When we survey the stars,
And all their shining forms;
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

IV.

Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And Lord of all below.

V.

How rich thy bounties are!
And wondrous are thy ways:
D Of

Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame
A monument of praise.

HYMN XLIII. Common Metre.

Gratitude to God.

I.

When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

II.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
Which glows within my ravis'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.

III.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redress'd,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

IV.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in pray'r.

V.

Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,

Before

Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whence those comforts flow'd.

VI.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless step I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

VII.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way;
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

PAUSE.

VIII.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face;
And, when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Hath made my cup run o'er;
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my store.

X.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

52 HYMNS AND PSALMS.

XI.

Through ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And, after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

XII.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

XIII.

Thro' all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For oh! eternity alone
Can utter all thy praise.

HYMN XLIV. Common Metre.

Thanks to God for preservation.

I.

To heav'n we lift our waiting eyes;
There all our hopes are laid:
The Lord that built the earth and skies,
Is our perpetual aid.

II.

Their feet shall never slide to fall,
Whom thou dost love to keep;
Thy ear attends the softest call;
Thy eyes can never sleep.

III. Thou

III.

Thou wilt sustain our weakest pow'rs
 With thine almighty arm,
 And watch our most unguarded hours
 Against surprizing harm.

IV.

Is'el rejoice, and rest secure,
 Thy keeper is the Lord;
 His wakeful eyes employ his pow'r
 For thine eternal guard.

V.

Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
 Shall have its leave to smite;
 He shields thy head from burning noon,
 From blasting damps at night.

VI.

He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
 Where thickest dangers come:
 Go and return secure from death,
 'Till God commands thee home.

HYMN XLV. As the 148th Psalm.

Thanks to God our preserver.

I.

Upward we lift our eyes,
 From God is all our aid;
 The God who built the skies,
 And earth and nature made:

D 3

God

God is the tow'r
To which we fly;
His grace is nigh
In ev'ry hour.

I.

Our feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since God our guard and guide
Defends us from our fears.

Those wakeful eyes
That never sleep,
Shall *Jes'el* keep,
When dangers rise.

III.

No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
Shall take our health away,
If God be with us there:

Thou art our sun,
And thou our shade,
To guard our head
By night or noon.

IV.

Hast thou not giv'n thy word
To save our souls from death?
And we can trust our Lord
To keep our mortal breath;

We'll

HYMNS AND PSALMS. 55

We'll go and come,
Nor fear to die,
Till from on high
Thou call us home.

HYMN XLVI. Long Metre.

Thanks for temporal and spiritual mercies.

I.

Give thanks to God; he reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his name, his love:
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

II.

He feeds and cloaths us ev'ry day,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray;
He guards us with a pow'ful hand,
And brings us to the heav'nly land.

III.

O let the saints with joy record,
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great thy works! how kind thy ways!
Let ev'ry tongue pronounce thy praise.

HYMN XLVII. Long Metre.

Give thanks to God always in all things.

I.

Great God our joyful thanks to thee
 I Shall, like thy gifts, continual be:
 In constant streams thy bounty flows,
 Nor end, nor intermission knows.

II.

Thy kindness all our comforts gives,
 Our num'rous wants thine hand relieves:
 Nor can we ever, Lord, be poor,
 Who live on thine exhaustless store.

III.

If, what we wish, thy will denies,
 'Tis because thou art good and wise:
 Afflictions, which may make us mourn,
 Thou can'st, thou do'st to blessings turn.

IV.

Deep, Lord, upon our thankful breast,
 Let all thy favours be imprest;
 That we may never more forget
 The sum, or any single debt.

V.

May we with grateful hearts, each day,
 For daily gifts, our praises pay;
 Delighted may we always be,
 In all things to give thanks to thee.

HYMNS AND PSALMS.

57

HYMN XLVIII. Long Metre.

Thanksgiving.

I.

Render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm thro' ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

II.

Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise,
His tribute of immortal praise?

III.

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray:
Who know what's right; not only so,
But likewise practice what they know.

IV.

O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.

HYMN XLIX. Common Metre.

God our constant benefactor.

Great God! to thee our grateful tongues
United thanks shall raise;
Inspire our hearts to tune the songs,
Which celebrate thy praise.

D 5

II. From

II.

From thine almighty forming hand
We drew our vital pow'rs;
Our time revolves at thy command,
In all its circling hours.

III.

Thy pow'r, our ever present guard,
From ev'ry ill defends;
While num'rous dangers hover round,
Our help from thee descends.

IV.

Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
How sweet is our repose;
The morning-light renews the springs
From whence our comfort flows.

V.

In celebration of thy praise
We will employ our breath;
And, walking steadfast in thy ways,
Will triumph over death.

HYMN L. Proper Tune.

I.

Praise to God in prosperity and adversity.

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

II. For

II.

For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield,
 For the vine's exalted juice,
 For the generous olive's use :

III.

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain;
 Clouds that drop their fat'ning dews,
 Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :

IV.

All that spring with bounteous hand
 Scatters o'er the smiling land :
 All that liberal autumn pours
 From her rich o'erflowing stores :

V.

These to thee, our God, we owe ;
 Source whence all our blessings flow ;
 And for these, our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

VI.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
 From its stem the ripening ear ;
 Should the fig-trees blasted shoot
 Drop her green untimely fruit ;

VII.

Should the vine put forth no more,
 Nor the olive yield her store ;
 Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
 And the herds desert the stall ;

VIII.

Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;

IX.

Yet to thee our souls should raise
Grateful vows, and solemn praise;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee—for thyself alone.

HYMN LI. Common Metre.

The peculiar goodness of God to his servants.

I.

With pleasing wonder, Lord, we view
The bounties of thy grace;
How much bestow'd, how much reserv'd,
For those who seek thy face.

II.

Thy lib'ral hand with worldly bliss
Oft makes their cup run o'er;
And in the cov'nant of thy love
They find diviner store.

III.

For them, rich treasures, yet unknown,
Are stor'd in worlds to come;
Peaceful and pleasant is their way,
And happy is their home.

IV. What

IV.

What equal tribute can we pay?
Or how such goodness own?

But 'tis our joy that, Lord, to thee
Thy servants hearts are known.

V.

Since time's too short, O gracious God,
To utter all thy praise,
Loud to the honour of thy name
Eternal hymns we'll raise.

HYMN LII. Long Metre.

God the Lord of nature.

I.

With glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord, who o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

II.

How surely stablish'd is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

III.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And tols the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

IV. Thy

IV.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they who in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

HYMN LIII. As the 148th Psalm.

Thanksgiving.

I.

Give thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sov'reign king of kings,
And be his grace ador'd.

His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

II.

How mighty is his hand !
What wonders hath he done !
He form'd the earth and seas,
And spread the heav'ns alone.

Thy mercy, Lord,
Will still endure ;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

III.

His wisdom fram'd the sun
To bless the day with light ;

The

The moon and shining stars
To cheer the darksome night.

His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

IV.

He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And pity'd the sad state
The ruin'd world was in.

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

V.

He sent his only son
To save us from our woe,
From folly, vice, and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.

His pow'r and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.

VI.

Give thanks to God alone,
To God, our heav'nly king,
And let the spacious earth
His boundless goodness sing.

Thy goodness, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

HYMN LIV. Short Metre.

The book of nature and scripture.

I.

Behold the lofty sky
Declares its maker God,
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his pow'r abroad.

II.

The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same;
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

III.

In ev'ry diff'rent land
Their gen'ral voice is known;
They shew the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

IV.

Ye British lands rejoice;
Here he reveals his word;
We are not left to nature's voice
To bid us know the Lord.

V. His

V.

His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands
Where our salvation lies.

VI.

His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promises for ever sure,
And his rewards are great.

VII.

While of thy works we sing,
Thy glory to proclaim;
Accept the praise, O God, our king,
We offer to thy name.

HYMN LV. Short Metre.

God's word most excellent.

I.

Behold the morning sun
Begins his glorious way:
His beams thro' all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

II.

But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

III. How

III.

How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments just :
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
Which we securely trust.

IV.

O gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions giv'n !
O may we never read in vain,
But find the path to heav'n.

PAUSE.

V.

We hear thy word with love,
And we would fain obey ;
Send thy good spirit from above
To guide us lest we stray.

VI.

While with our heart and tongue
We spread thy praise abroad ;
Accept the worship and the song,
Our father and our God !

HYMN LVI. Long Metre.

The glory and success of the gospel.

I.

The heav'n's declare thy glory, Lord ;
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

II. The

II.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days thy pow'r confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ,
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

III.

Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

IV.

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run:
Till Christ has all the nations blest
That see the light or feel the sun.

HYMN LVII. Long Metre.

A Psalm for the Lord's day.

I.

Sweet is the work, O God, our king,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,
To shew thy love by morning-light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

II.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal care shall seize our breast;
O may our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

III. Our

III.

Our hearts shall triumph in the Lord,
And blest his works, and blest his word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

IV.

Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Blast them in everlasting death.

V.

But we shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refin'd our heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer our head.

VI.

Then shall we see, and hear, and know,
All we desir'd or wish'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

HYMN LVIII. Common Metre.

For the Lord's day morning.

I.

Lord in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my pray'r,
To thee lift up mine eye.

II. Thou

HYMNS AND PSALMS. 69

II.

Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

III.

But to thy house will I resort
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thine holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

IV.

O may thy spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness!
Make ev'ry path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

V.

The men that love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
Thou, mighty God, wilt compass them
With favour as a shield.

HYMN LIX. Short Metre.

A psalm before sermon.

I.

Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal king.

II. He

70 HYMNS AND PSALMS:

II.

He form'd the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The war'y worlds are all his own;
And all the solid ground.

III.

Come, worship at his throne:
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He form'd us by his word.

IV.

To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

HYMN LX. Long Metre.

A warning to delaying sinners.

I.

Come, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise:
God is a sov'reign king; rehearse
His honour in exalted verse.

II.

Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word;
He is our shepherd; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

III. Come,

H Y M N S A N D P S A L M S. 71

III.

Come, let us hear his voice to day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our hard'n'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Is'el knew.

IV.

Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heav'nly gates:
Believe, and take the promis'd rest,
Obey, and be for ever blest.

H Y M N L X I. From Psalm 119, first part.

The blessedness of saints, and misery of sinners.

I.

Blest are the undesi'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from ev'ry sin.

II.

Blest are the men that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands:
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

III.

Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

IV. Then

72 HYMNS AND PSALMS.

IV.

Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

V.

But haughty sinners God will hate,
The proud shall die accurst:
The sons of falsehood and deceit
Are troden to the dust.

VI.

Vile as the dross the wicked are:
And those that leave thy ways
Shall see salvation from afar,
But never taste thy grace.

HYMN LXII. Second Part.

Secret devotion.

I.

TO thee, before the dawning light,
O gracious God, I pray;
I meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.

II.

My spirit faints to see thy grace;
Thy promise bears me up;
And while salvation long delays,
Thy word supports my hope.

III. Seven

III.

Seven times a day I lift my hands,
And pay my thanks to thee.
Thy righteous providence demands
Repeated praise from me.

IV.

When midnight darkness veils the skies,
I call thy works to mind;
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
And sweet acceptance find.

HYMN LXIII. Third Part.

Professions of sincerity, repentance and obedience.

I.

Thou art my portion, gracious God;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste to obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.

II.

I choose the path of heav'nly truth,
And glory in my choice;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.

III.

The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes:
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.

E

IV. If

IV.

If once I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways;
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

V.

Now I am thine, for ever thine,
O save thy servant, Lord;
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
My hope is in thy word.

VI.

Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil:
And thus, till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform thy will.

HYMN LXIV. Fourth Part.

Instruction from scripture.

I.

How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

II.

When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

III. 'Tis

III.

'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day;
And thro' the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

IV.

The men that keep thy law with care,
And meditate thy word,
Grow wiser than their teachers are,
And better know the Lord.

V.

Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner's road:
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise;
But love thy law, my God.

VI.

Thy word is everlasting truth,
How pure is ev'ry page!
Thy holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

HYMN LXV. Fifth Part.

Delight in scripture.

O How I love thy holy law!
'Tis daily my delight:
And thence my meditations draw,
Counsel divine by night.

E 2.

II. My

46 HYMNS AND PSALMS.

II.

My waking eyes prevent the day,
To meditate thy word :
My soul with longing melts away
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

III.

How doth thy word my heart engage !
How well employ my tongue !
And in my tiresom pilgrimage,
Yields me a heavenly song.

IV.

Am I a stranger, or at home :
'Tis my perpetual feast :
Not honey dropping from the comb
So much allures the taste.

V.

No treasures, to enrich the mind :
Nor shall thy word be sold
For loads of silver well refin'd,
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

VI.

When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
Thy promises of grace
Are pillars to support my hope,
And there I write thy praise.

HYMN LXVI. Sixth Part.

Holiness and comfort from the scriptures.

I.

Word, I esteem thy judgments right,
And all thy statutes just;
Thence I maintain a constant fight
With ev'ry flattering lust.

II.

Thy precepts often I survey:
I keep thy law in sight,
Thro' all the busyness of the day,
To form my actions right.

III.

My heart in midnight silence cries,
“How sweet thy comforts be!”
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
And bring their thanks to thee.

IV.

And when my spirit drinks her fill
Of thy most holy word,
Not mighty men that share the spoil,
Have joys to mine compar'd.

HYMN LXVII. Seventh Part.

Imperfection of nature, and perfection of scripture.

I.

Let all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book,
Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
How mean their writings look !

II.

Not the most perfect rules they gave
Could shew one sin forgiv'n,
Nor lead a step beyond the grave :
But thine conduct to heav'n.

III.

I've seen an end to what we call
Perfection here below :
How short the pow'rs of nature fall,
And can no farther go.

IV.

Yet men would fain be just with God
By works their hands have wrought ;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
Extend to ev'ry thought.

V.

In vain we boast perfection here,
While sin defiles our frame ;
And sinks our virtues down so far,
They scarce deserve the name. Our

VI.

Our faith, and love, and ev'ry grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteouſneſs
Dwell only with the Lord.

HYMN LXVIII. Eighth Part.

The excellency and variety of ſcripture.

I.

Lord, I have made thy word my choice,
My laſting heritage;
There ſhall my nobleſt pow'rs rejoice,
My warmeſt thoughts engage.

II.

I'll read the hiſt'ries of thy love,
And keep thy laws in ſight,
While thro' thy promiſes I rove
With ever-ſreſh delight.

III.

'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where ſprings of life ariſe,
Seeds of immortal bliſs are ſown,
And hidden glory lies.

IV.

The beſt relief that mourners have,
It makes our ſorrows bleſt;
Our faireſt hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal reſt.

HYMN LXIX. Ninth Part.

Desire of knowledge.

I.

Thy mercies fill the earth, O Lord,
How good thy works appear!
Open my eyes to read thy word,
And see thy wonders there.

II.

My heart was fashion'd by thy hand;
My service is thy due;
O make thy servant understand
The duties he must do.

III.

Since I'm a stranger here below,
Let not thy path be hid,
But mark the road my feet should go,
And be my constant guide.

IV.

When I confess'd my wand'ring ways,
Thou heard'st my soul complain;
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
Or I shall stray again.

V.

If God to me his statutes shew,
And heav'nly truth impart,
His work for ever I'll pursue,
His law shall rule my heart.

VI. This

VI.

This was my comfort when I bore
Variety of grief;
It made me learn thy word the more,
And fly to that relief.

VII.

When I have learn'd my father's will,
I'll teach the world his ways:
My thankful lips, inspir'd with zeal,
Shall loud pronounce his praise.

HYMN LXX. Tenth Part.

Pleading the promises.

I.

Behold thy waiting servant, Lord,
Devoted to thy fear;
Remember and confirm thy word,
For all my hopes are there.

II.

Hast thou not writ salvation down,
And promis'd quick'ning grace?
Doth not my heart address thy throne,
And yet thy love delays.

III.

Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
O bear thy servant up;
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
Who dare reproach my hope.

IV.

Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
Then let thy truth appear:
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
And trust as well as fear.

HYMN LXXI. Eleventh Part.

Breathing after holiness.

I.

O That the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still!
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

II.

O send thy spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

III.

From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

IV.

Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

V. My

V.

My soul hath gone too far astray;
 My feet too often slip;
 Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
 Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

VI.

Make me to walk in thy commands;
 'Tis a delightful road;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

HYMN LXXII. Twelfth Part.

Seeking comfort and deliverance.

I.

O God, consider my distress,
 Let mercy plead my cause;
 'T'houg' I have sinn'd against thy grace,
 I can't forget thy laws.

II.

Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach
 Which I so justly fear;
 Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
 Nor let my shame appear.

III.

My eyes with expectation fail;
 My heart within me cries,
 "When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
 "And make my comforts rise?"

IV.

Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
And shew thy grace the same,
As thou art ever wont t' afford
To those that love thy name.

HYMN LXXIII. Thirteenth Part.

Holy fear, and tenderness of conscience.

I.

With my whole heart I've sought thy
face,
O let me never stray
From thy commands, O God of grace,
Nor tread the sinners' way.

II.

Thy word I've hid within my heart,
To keep my conscience clean,
And be an everlasting guard
From ev'ry rising sin.

III.

I'm a companion of the saints,
Who fear and love the Lord:
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
When men transgress thy word.

IV.

While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
My spirit stands in awe;
My soul abhors a lying tongue,
But loves thy righteous law.

V. My

V.

My heart with sacred reverence hears
The threatenings of thy word;
My flesh with holy trembling fears
The judgments of the Lord.

VI.

O God, I long, I hope, I wait
For thy salvation still;
While thy whole law is my delight,
And I obey thy will.

HYMN LXXIV. Fourteenth Part.

Benefit of afflictions.

I.

Consider all my sorrows, Lord,
And thy deliverance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints,
When will my troubles end!

II.

Yet I have found 'tis good for me
To bear my father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law
And lean upon my God.

III.

This is the comfort I enjoy
When new distress begins,
I read thy word, I run thy way,
And hate my former sins.

VI. Had

IV.

Had not thy word been my delight,
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul oppress'd with sorrow's weight
Had sunk amongst the dead.

V.

I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Tho' they may seem severe;
The sharpest suff'rings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

VI.

Before I knew thy chaf'ning rod
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

HYMN LXXV. Fifteenth Part.

Holy resolutions.

I.

That thy statutes ev'ry hour
Might dwell upon my mind!
Thence I derive a quick'ning pow'r,
And daily peace I find.

II.

To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
Shall be my sweet employ;
My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
Thy word is all my joy.

III. How.

III.

How would I run in thy commands,
 If thou my heart discharge
 From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
 And set my feet at large?

IV.

My lips with courage shall declare
 Thy statutes and thy name;
 I'll speak thy word, tho' kings should hear,
 Nor yield to sinful shame.

V.

Let bands of persecutors rise
 To rob me of my right,
 Let pride and malice forge their lies,
 Thy law is my delight.

VI.

Depart from me, ye wicked race,
 Whose hands and hearts are ill;
 I love my God, I love his ways,
 And must obey his will.

HYMN LXXVI. Sixteenth Part.

For divine assistance.

MY soul lies cleaving to the dust;
 Quickken me by thy word:
 From vain desires, and ev'ry lust,
 Turn off my eyes, O Lord!

II.

I need the influence of thy grace
To speed me in the way,
Lest I should loiter in my race,
Or turn my feet astray.

III.

When sore afflictions press me down,
I need thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Thy word that I have rested on,
Shall help my heaviest hours.

IV.

Are not thy mercies sov'reign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?

V.

Does not my heart thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face;
And yet how slow my spirits move
Without enliv'ning grace?

VI.

Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt its quick'ning pow'r,
To draw me near the Lord.

HYMN LXXVII. Seventeenth Part.

Courage and perseverance under persecution.

I.

When pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
 All my support is from thy word;
 My soul dissolves for heaviness,
 Uphold me with thy strength'ning grace.

II.

The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,
 They watch my feet with envious eyes,
 And tempt my soul to snares and sin,
 Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

III.

They hate me, Lord, without a cause;
 They hate to see me love thy laws;
 But I will trust and fear thy name,
 To keep me free from sin and shame.

HYMN LXXVIII. Last Part.

Sanctified afflictions.

I.

Father, I blest thy gentle hand;
 How kind was thy chastising rod,
 That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
 And brought my wand'ring soul to God!

II. Foolish

go HYMNS AND PSALMS.

II.

Foolish and vain, I went astray;
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;
I lest my guide and lost my way;
But now I love and keep thy word.

III.

'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my father's stroke,
That I may learn his statutes well.

IV.

The law that issues from thy mouth,
Shall raise my cheerful passions more
Than all the treasures of the south,
Or western hills of golden ore.

V.

Thy hands have made my mortal frame;
Thy spirit form'd my soul within;
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,
And guard me safe from death and sin.

VI.

Then all that love and fear the Lord
At my salvation shall rejoice;
For I have hoped in thy word,
And made thy grace my only choice.

HYMN LXXIX. Common Metre.

Trust in God under trouble.

I.

O God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides for ever sure,
And in its matchless grace we feel
Our happiness secure.

II.

What though our house be not with thee
As nature could desire?
To nobler joys, than nature gives,
Thy servants all aspire.

III.

Since thou, the everlasting God,
Our father art become;
Our teacher, guardian, and our friend,
And heav'n our final home;

IV.

We welcome all thy sov'reign will;
For all that will is love:
And, when we know not what thou dost,
We wait the light above.

V.

Thy mercy in the darkest gloom,
Shall heav'nly rays impart,
And, when our eye-lids close in death,
Shall warn our trembling heart.

HYMN LXXX. Common Metre.

The happiness of the dying christian.

I.

Hear what the voice from heav'n pro-
claims

For all the pious dead;

Sweet is the favour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

II.

They sleep in Jesus, and are blest'd:

How kind their slumbers are!

From suff'rings, and from sins, releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry snare.

III.

Far from this world of toil and strife,

They're safe in thee, O Lord!

The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

HYMN LXXXI. Long Metre.

Man mortal, and God eternal.

I.

Thro' ev'ry age, eternal God!

Thou art our rest, our safe abode;

High was thy throne ere heav'n was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.

II. Long

II.

Long had'st thou reign'd ere time began,
Or dust was fashion'd into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

III.

But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
“Return, ye sinners, to your dust.”

IV.

[A thousand of our years amount
Scarce to a day in thy account;
Like yesterday's departed light,
Or the last watch of ending night.

PAUSE.

V.

Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
An empty tale; a morning flow'r,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

VI.

Our age to seventy years is set:
How short the term! How frail the state!
And if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and grone than live.

VII.

But O how oft thy wrath appears,
And cuts off our expected years!

Thy

Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;
We fear the pow'r that strikes us dead.]

VIII.

Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till a wise care of piety
Fits us to die, and dwell with thee.

HYMN LXXXII. Common Metre.

Man frail, and God eternal.

I.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home;

II.

Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

III.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth receiv'd her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

IV.

Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
“Return, ye sons of men:”

All

H Y M N S A N D P S A L M S. 95

All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

V.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an ev'ning gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

VI.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

H Y M N LXXXIII. Common Metre.

The frailty and importance of human life.

I.

Thee we adore, eternal God!
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying creatures we.

II.

Our wasting life grows shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And ev'ry beating pulse we tell,
Still leaves the number less.

III.

The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath, which first it gave;
Where'er

Where'er we are, what'er we do,
We're travelling to the grave.

IV.

Dangers stand thick thro' all the road,
To push us to the tomb;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

V

Good God! on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal state of all mankind
Upon life's feeble strings.

VI.

Waken, O Lord, our active pow'rs,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And, if our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN LXXXIV. Long Metre.

Frail life.

I.

Lord what a feeble frame is ours!
How vain a thing is man!
How frail are all our boasted pow'rs!
And short at best our span!

II.

Swift as the feather'd arrow flies,
And curs the yielding air;

Or

Or as a kindling meteor dies,
E'er it can well appear.

III.

So pass our fleeting years away,
And time runs on its race:
In vain we ask a moments stay,
Nor will it slack its pace.

IV.

But Lord, what mighty things depend
On our precarious breath!
For soon this dying life will end
In endless life or death.

V.

Oh! make us truly wise to learn
How very frail we are;
That we may mind our grand concern,
And for our change prepare:

VI.

May think of death, and learn to die
To all inferior things;
Whilst our glad souls still soaring fly
Tow'rd's life's eternal springs.

VII.

Then may we bid our years roll on,
And time make haste away:
The sooner will our souls be gone
To endless life and day.

HYMN LXXXV. Long Metre.

Life the only season of preparation for eternity.

I.

Life is the time to serve thee, Lord!
 The time t' ensure thy great reward:
 And, while the lamp holds out to burn,
 To thee, the sinner may return.

II.

Life is the hour, which thou hast giv'n,
 To 'scape from hell, and fly to heav'n:
 The day of grace, and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.

III.

The living know that they must die;
 But all the dead forgotten lie;
 They have no share in all that's done,
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.

IV.

There are no acts of pardon pass'd,
 In the cold grave, to which we haste;
 But darkness, death, and long despair,
 Reign in eternal silence there.

V.

Then what our thoughts design to do,
 May we with all our might pursue,
 Since no device, nor work is found,
 Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

HYMN LXXXVI. Long Metre.

The wisdom of redeeming time.

I.

God of eternity, from thee
Did infant time it's being draw;
Moments and days and months and years
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

II.

Silent and slow they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wild sea,
The boundless gulf, from whence it rose.

III.

With it the thoughtless sons of men,
Before the rapid stream are borne,
On to that everlasting home,
Whence not one soul can e'er return.

IV.

Yet while the shore on either side
Presents a gaudy flatt'ring show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

V.

Great source of wisdom, teach our hearts
To know the price of ev'ry hour;
That time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its measure, and its pow'r.

HYMN LXXXVII. Short Metre.

Christians sons of God.

I.

Father, what wond'rous grace
Thy mercy hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them *sons of God*!

II.

It doth not yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.

III.

A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

HYMN LXXXVIII. Common Metre.

Confidence in God our father.

I.

O God, on thee we all depend,
On thy paternal care:
Thou wilt the father and the friend,
In every act appear.

II.

With open hand, and lib'ral heart,
Thou wilt our wants supply;

Thy

Thy heav'nly blessings still impart,
And no good thing deny.

III.

Our father knows what's good and fit,
And wisdom guides his love;
To thine appointments we submit,
And ev'ry choice approve.

IV.

In thy paternal love and care,
With cheerful hearts we trust;
Thy tender mercies boundless are,
And all thy thoughts are just.

V.

We cannot want, while God provides;
What he ordains is best;
And heav'n, what'er we want besides,
Will give eternal rest.

HYMN LXXXVIII. As the 113th Psalm.

The excellency of the scriptures.

I.

We love the volumes of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distrest!
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids our feet to stray,
Thy promise leads our hearts to rest.

F 3

From

HYMN LXXXVII. Short Metre.

Christians sons of God.

I.

Father, what wond'rous grace
Thy mercy hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them *sons of God*!

II.

It doth not yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.

III.

A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

HYMN LXXXVIII. Common Metre.

Confidence in God our father.

I.

O God, on thee we all depend,
On thy paternal care:
Thou wilt the father and the friend,
In every act appear.

II.

With open hand, and lib'ral heart,
Thou wilt our wants supply;

Thy

Thy heav'nly blessings still impart,
And no good thing deny.

III.

Our father knows what's good and fit,
And wisdom guides his love;
To thine appointments we submit,
And ev'ry choice approve.

IV.

In thy paternal love and care,
With chearful hearts we trust;
Thy tender mercies boundless are,
And all thy thoughts are just.

V.

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What he ordains is best;
And heav'n, whate'er we want besides,
Will give eternal rest.

HYMN LXXXVIII. As the 113th Psalm.

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F 3 From

II.

From the discoveries of thy law
The perfect rules of life we draw,

These are our study and delight:

Not honey so invites the taste,

Nor gold that hath the furnace pass,

Appears so pleasing to the sight.

III.

Thy threatenings wake our numb'ring eyes,
And warn us where our danger lies;

But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,

That makes our guilty conscience clean,

Converts our soul, subdues our sin,

And gives a free, but large reward.

IV.

Who knows the errors of his thoughts?

O God, forgive our secret faults,

And from presumptuous sins restrain:

Accept our poor attempts of praise,

That we have read thy book of grace,

And book of nature, not in vain.

HYMN LXXXIX. Common Metre.

Hope of heaven by the resurrection of Christ.

I.

Bless'd be the everlasting God,

The father of our Lord;

Be his abounding mercy prais'd,

His majesty ador'd.

II. When

II.

When from the dead he rais'd his son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gav' our souls a lively hope,
That they should never die.

III.

What tho' thy uncontrou'd decree
Command us back to dust;
Yet, as the Lord our Saviour rose,
So all his followers must.

IV.

There's an inheritance divine
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
And cannot fade away.

V.

We by thy power O God, are kept
'Till the salvation come;
We walk by faith as strangers here,
'Till Christ shall call us home.

HYMN XC. Short Metre.

Christ's death and rising again foretold.

Compare Psalm ii. Acts iv. 24.

I.

Maker and lov'reign Lord
Of heav'n and earth and seas,
Thy providence confirms thy word,
And answers thy decrees.

F 4

II. The

II.

The things so long foretold
By David are fulfill'd;
When Jews and Gentiles join to slay
Jesus, thine holy child.

III.

Why did the Gentiles rage,
And Jews with one accord
Bend all their counsels to destroy
Th' anointed of the Lord?

IV.

Rulers and kings agree
To form a vain design;
Against the Lord their pow'rs unite,
Against his Christ they join.

V.

The Lord derides their rage,
And will support his throne;
He that hath rais'd him from the dead,
Hath own'd him for his son.

HYMN XCI. Common Metre.

Obedience is better than sacrifice.

I.

Thus saith the Lord, "the spacious fields,
" And flocks and herds are mine;
" O'er all the cattle of the hills
" I claim a right divine.

II. " I

II.

“ I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
 “ Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
 “ To hope and love, to pray and praise,
 “ Is all that I require.

III.

“ Call upon me when trouble’s near,
 “ My hand shall set thee free;
 “ Then shall thy thankful lips declare
 “ The honour due to me.

IV.

“ The man who offers humble praise,
 “ He glorifies me best;
 “ And those who tread my holy ways
 “ Shall my salvation taste.

HYMN XCII. Common Metre.

The true way to please God.

I.

Wherewith shall we approach thee, Lord!
 And bow before thy throne?
 Or how procure thy kind regard,
 And for our guilt atone?

II.

Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
 And spicy fumes ascend?
 Will these our earnest wish succeed,
 And make our God our friend?

F 5

III. Oh!

III.

Oh! no, great God! 'tis fruitless all,
Such offerings are in vain:
No fatings from the field or stall,
Thy favour can obtain.

IV.

To men their *rights* we must allow,
And proofs of *kindness* give:
To thee with *bumble reverence* bow,
And to thy glory live.

V.

Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,
Thou, God, will not despise;
And chearful duty wilt prefer
To costly sacrifice.

HYMN XCIII. Long Metre.

Devotion vain without virtue.

I.

Thy uplifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.

II.

Can riles, and forns, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precept heal?
Or fast and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile?

II.

The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Thankful, and to thy will resign'd,
To thee a nobler offering yields
Than Sheba's groves or Sharon's fields;

IV.

Than floods of oil or floods of wine,
Ten thousand rolling to thy shrine,
Or than if, to thine altar led,
A first-born son the victim bled.

V.

"Be *just* and *kind*," that great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand:
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
And this thy well-beloved preach.

HYMN XCIV. Common Metre.

Acceptable worship.

I.

O God, thou spirit, just and wise,
Who seest our inmost mind:
In vain to thee we raise our voice,
And leave our hearts behind.

II.

Nothing but truth before thy throne,
With favour can appear;
The formal hypocrites are known
Thro' the disguise they wear.

F 6

III. Their

III.

Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bending knees the ground:
But thou abhors the sacrifice,
Where not the heart is found.

IV.

Lord search our thoughts, and try our ways,
And make our souls sincere:
Then shall we stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

HYMN XCV. Long Metre.

The pleasure of public worship.

I.

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
How Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire our spirit faints
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

II.

Our flesh would rest in thine abode,
Our panting heart cries out for God:
O God! our king! why should we be
So far from all our joys and thee?

III.

Blest are the saints who sit on high
Around thy throne of majesty:
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

IV. Blest

IV.

Bless are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

V.

Bless are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate:
God is their strength; and thro' the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

VI.

Chearful they walk with growing strength,
'Till all shall meet in heav'n at length;
'Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

HYMN XCVI. Long Metre:

Inward devotion.

I.

Great God permit us not to be
Still strangers to ourselves and thee!
Amidst a thousand thoughts we rove,
Forgetful of our highest love.

II.

Why should our passions mix with earth,
And thus debase our heav'nly birth;
Why should we cleave to things below,
And heav'n, thy gift, O God, forego!

III. Call

III.

Call us away from flesh and sense;
Thy sov'reign word can draw us thence;
We would obey thy voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

IV.

Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind
Our heav'n with thee, O God, we find.

HYMN XCVII. Common Metre.

Secret devotion.

I.

Father divine, thy piercing eye
Looks thro' the shades of night;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.

II.

There shall that piercing eye survey
Our humble worship paid,
With ev'ry morning's dawning ray,
And ev'ry ev'ning's shade

III.

We'll leave behind each earthly care;
To thee our souls shall soar;
While grateful praise and fervent pray'r
Employ the silent hour.

IV.

So shall the sun in smiles arise;
 The day shall close in peace;
 So wilt thou train us for the skies,
 Where joy shall never cease.

HYMN XCVIII. Long Metre.

Family devotion.

I.

Father of men, thy care we bless,
 Which crowns our family with peace:
 From thee we spring, and by thy hand
 From day to day are still sustain'd.

II.

To thee, most worthy to be prais'd,
 Be our domestic altars rais'd;
 Who, Lord of heav'n, scornst not to dwell
 With saints in their obscurest cell.

III.

To thee let each united house,
 Morning and night, present its vows:
 Our servants there, and rising race,
 Be taught thy precepts, and thy grace.

IV.

O may each future age proclaim
 The honours of thy glorious name;
 While, pleas'd and thankful, we remove
 To join thy family above.

HYMN XCXIX. Long Metre.

The eternal Sabbath.

I.

God of the sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thine house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which in thy temple rise.

II.

Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With chearful hope, and strong desire.

III.

No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.

IV.

No rude alarms of angry foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

V.

O long expected day, begin;
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
With joy we'll tread th' appointed road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

HYMN C. Long Metre.

A morning hymn.

I.

God of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey thro' the skies.

II.

From the fair chambers of the east
The circuit of his race begins,
And without weariness or rest
Round the whole earth he flies and shines;

III.

Oh, like the sun, may we fulfil
Th' appointed duties of the day,
With ready mind and active will
March on and keep our heav'nly way.

IV.

But we shall rove and lose the race,
If God, our sun, shall disappear,
And leave us in the world's wild maze
To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.

V.

Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

VI. Give

114 HYMNS AND PSALMS.

VI.

Give us thy counsel for our guide,
And then receive us to thy bliss;
All our desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compar'd with this.

HYMN CL. Long Metre.

An evening hymn.

I.

Thus far the Lord has led us on,
Thus far his pow'r prolongs our days;
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

II.

Much of our time has run to waste,
And we perhaps are near our home;
But he forgives our follies past,
He gives us strength for days to come.

III.

We lay our body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for our head;
His ever-watchful eye shall keep
Its constant guard around our head.

IV.

Faith in his name forbids our fear:
O may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make us hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

V.

Thus when the night of death shall come,
Our flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse our tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

HYMN CII. Common Metre.

An evening Psalm.

I.

Lord, thou wilt hear us when we pray;
We are for ever thine; from morn till eve
We fear before thee all the day,
Nor would we dare to sin.

II.

And while we rest our weary head,
From cares and bus'ness free,
'Tis sweet conversing on our bed
With our own heart and thee.

III.

We pay this ev'ning sacrifice:
And when our work is done,
Great God! our faith and hope relies
Upon thy grace alone.

IV.

Thus, with our thoughts composed to peace,
We'll give our eyes to sleep;
Thy hand in safety keeps our days;
And will our slumbers keep.

HYMN CIII. Long Metre.

The aged christian's prayer and song.

I.

God of my childhood and my youth,
The guide of all my days,
I have declar'd thy heav'nly truth,
And told thy wond'rous ways.

II.

Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
And leave my fainting heart?
Who shall sustain my sinking years,
If God my strength depart?

III.

Let me thy pow'r and truth proclaim
To the surviving age,
And leave a favour of thy name
When I shall quit the stage.

IV.

The land of silence and of death
Attends my next remove;
O may these poor remains of breath
Teach the wide world thy love!

PAUSE.

V.

Thy righteousness is deep and high,
Unsearchable thy deeds;
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all my praise exceeds.

VI. Of

VI.

Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,
And oft endur'd the grief;
But when thy hand has prest me fore,
Thy grace was my relief.

VII.

By long experience have I known
Thy sov'reign pow'r to save;
At thy command I venture down
Securely to the grave.

VIII.

When I lie bury'd deep in dust,
My flesh shall be thy care;
These with'ring limbs with thee I trust,
To raise them strong and fair.

HYMN CIV. Long Metre.

Encouragement from the presence of God.

I.

And art thou with us, gracious Lord,
To dissipate our fear?
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,
Our God, for ever near?

II.

Doth thy right hand which form'd the earth,
And bears up all the skies,
Stretch from on high its friendly aid,
When dangers round us rise?

III. Dost

118 HYMNS AND PSALMS.

III.

Dost thou a father's bowels feel
For all thy humble saints?
And in such tender accents speak
To sooth their sad complaints?

IV.

On this support our souls shall lean,
And banish every care;
The gloomy vale of death shall smile
If God be with us there.

V.

While we thy gracious succour prove
'Midst all our various ways,
The darkest shades thro' which we pass,
Shall eccho with thy praise.

HYMN CV. Common Metre.

The Lord's prayer imitated.

I.

Father of all! eternal mind!
Thou, good and great alone!
Thy children form'd and blest'd by thee,
Approach thy heav'nly throne.

II.

Thy name in hallow'd strains be sung!
We join the solemn praise:
To thy great name, with heart and tongue,
Our chearful homage raise.

HYMN III.

III. Thy

HYMNS AND PSALMS. 419

III.

Thy righteous, mild, and sov'reign reign
Let ev'ry being own:
And in our minds, thy work divine,
Erect thy gracious throne.

IV.

As angels round thy seat above,
Thy blest commands fulfil;
So may thy creatures here below
Perform thy heav'nly will.

V.

On thee we day by day depend,
Our daily wants supply;
And feed with truth and virtue pure,
Our souls which never die.

VI.

Extend thy grace to ev'ry fault,
Oh! let thy love forgive;
Teach us divine forgiveness too,
Nor let resentments live.

VII.

Where tempting snares bestrew the way,
Permit us not to tread;
Avert the threatening evil near,
From our unguarded head.

VIII.

Thy sacred name we thus adore,
Wh joyful humble mind:
And praise thy goodness, power, and truth,
Eternal, unconfi'd.

HYMN

HYMN CVI. Long Metre.

Brotherly love.

I.

O God, our father, and our king,
Of all we have or hope, the spring;
Send down thy spirit from above,
And warm our hearts with holy love.

II.

May we from ev'ry act abstain,
That hurts, or gives our neighbour pain;
And ev'ry secret with suppress
That would abridge his happiness.

III.

Still may we feel our hearts inclin'd,
To act the friend to all our kind;
Still seek their safety, health and ease,
Virtue, eternal life and peace.

IV.

With pity let our breast o'erslow,
When we behold a wretch in woe;
And bear a sympathizing part
With all who are of heavy heart.

V.

Let love in all our conduct shine,
An image fair, tho' faint of thine;
Thus may we Christ's disciples prove
Who came to manifest thy love.

HYMN CVII. Long Metre.

Charitable judgment.

I.

All seeing God! 'tis thine to know
 The springs whence wrong opinions flow;
 To judge, by principles within,
 When frailty errs, and when we sin.

II.

Who among men, high Lord of all,
 Thy servant to his bar shall call?
 For modes of faith judge him a foe,
 And doom him to the realms of woe?

III.

Who with another's eye can read?
 Or worship by another's creed?
 Revering thy commands alone,
 We humbly seek and use our own.

IV.

If wrong forgive, approve if right,
 While faithful we obey our light,
 And cens'ring none, are zealous still,
 To follow, as to learn thy will.

V.

When shall our happy eyes behold
 Thy people fashion'd in thy mould;
 And charity our lineage prove
 Deriv'd from thee, O God of love?

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While faithful we obey our light,
And cens'ring none, are zealous still,
To follow, as to learn thy will.

V.

When shall our happy eyes behold
Thy people fashio'd in thy mould;
And charity our lineage prove
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love?

HYMN CVIII. Short Metre.

The right and duty of private judgment.

I.

Imposture shrinks from light,
And dreads a curious eye:
Thy doctrines, Lord, the test invite,
They bid us search and try.

II.

Lord, to thy word we bring
A meek, enquiring mind;
And, joyful, at salvation's spring,
Refreshing truth we find.

III.

With understanding blest,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.

IV.

O Lord, our spirit lead,
With soundest knowledge fill;
From noxious error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.

V.

The truth once learn'd imparts
With favour on our hearts;
And help us firmly to profess
Gainst all seducing arts.

HYMN

HYMN CIX. Long Metre.

Justice.

I.

If high or low our station be,
Of noble, or ignoble name,
By uncorrupted honesty,

Thy blessing, Lord, we'll humbly claim.

II.

Enrich'd with that, no want we'll fear,
Thy providence shall be our trust;
Thou wilt provide our portion here,
Thou friend and guardian of the just.

III.

Oh! may we, with sincere delight,
To all the task of duty pay;
Tender of every social right,
Obedient to thy righteous way.

IV.

Such virtue thou wilt not forget,
In worlds where every virtue shares
A fit reward; tho' not of debt,
But what thy boundless grace prepares.

G 2

HYMN

HYMN CX. From Psalm 75.

Power and government from God.

Applied to the glorious revolution by king William, and the happy accession of king George the first to the throne.

I.

To thee, most holy, and most high,
To thee we bring our thankful praise;
Thy works declare thy name is high,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

II.

Britain was doom'd to be a slave,
Her frame dissolv'd; her fears were great;
When God a new supporter gave,
To bear the pillars of the state.

III.

He from thy hand receiv'd his crown,
And swore to rule by wholesome laws;
His foot shall tread th' oppressor down,
His arm defend the righteous cause.

IV.

Such honours never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;
'Tis God the judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

H Y M N S A N D P S A L M S. 125

V.

No vain pretence to royal birth,
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne;
God, the great sov'reign of the earth,
Will rise, and make his justice known.

H Y M N C X I. Common Metre.

The blessings of civil government.

I.

Eternal, sov'reign Lord on high,
And Lord of all below!
We mortals to thy majesty
Our first obedience owe.

II.

Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And blest thy providence
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

III.

Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward,
And sinners perish from the land,
By justice and the sword.

IV.

Where laws and liberties combine,
To make a people blest,
There crowns with brightest lustre shine,
And kings are honour'd best.

V.

Let Cæsar's due be ever paid
To Cæsar and his throne;
But consciences and souls were made
For thee, O God alone.

HYMN CXII. As the 113th Psalm.

A general national thanksgiving.

I.

Say, should we search the globe around,
Where can such happiness be found,
As dwells in Britain's favour'd isle?
Here plenty reigns; here freedom sheds
Her choicest blessings on our heads,
And bids our bleakest mountains smile.

II.

Here commerce spreads the wealthy store,
Which comes from ev'ry foreign shore;
Science and art their charms display;
Religion teacheth us to raise
Our voices in our maker's praise,
As truth and conscience point the way.

III.

These are thy gifts, almighty king!
From thee our matchless blessings spring;
Th' extended trade, the fruitful skies,
The

The raptures liberty bestows,
Th' eternal joys the gospel shows,
All from thy boundless goodness rise.

IV.

With grateful hearts, with cheerful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;

His pow'r and mercy we proclaim;
Britons, thro' ev'ry age, shall own,
Jehovah here hath fix'd his throne,
And triumph in his mighty name.

V.

Long as the moon her course shall run,
Or man behold the circling sun,

O still may God in Britain reign;
Still crown her counsels with success,
With peace and joy her borders bless,
And all her sacred rights maintain.

HYMN CXIII. Common Metre.

For a fast day in public calamity.

I.

When Abra'm, full of sacred awe,
Before Jehovah stood,
And, with a humble fervent pray'r,
For guilty Sodom su'd;

II.

With what success, what wondrous grace,
Was his petition crown'd!

The Lord would spare, if in the place
Ten righteous men were found.

III.

And could a single pious soul
So rich a boon obtain?
Good God! and shall a nation cry,
And plead with thee in vain?

IV.

Britain, all-guilty as she is,
Her num'rous saints can boast;
See their united pray'rs ascend;
And shall these pray'rs be lost?

V.

Are not the righteous dear to thee
Now, as in ancient times?
Or does this sinful land exceed
Gomorra in her crimes?

VI.

Still we are thine, we bear thy name,
Here yet is thine abode;
Long has thy presence blest our land:
Forake us not, O God!

VII.

O may our people, priests, and king,
Thy choicest blessings share;
And know thee by that glorious name,
“The God who heareth pray’r.”

HYMN CXIV. Long Metre.

New year's day.

I.

Great God, we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The op'ning year thy mercy shows;
Thy mercy crowns it till it close.

II.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
By thy incessant bounty fed,
By thy unerring counsel led.

III.

With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

IV.

In scenes exalted or depress'd,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Ador'd thro' all our changing days.

V.

When death shall interrupt these songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our helper God, in whom we trust,
In better worlds our souls shall boast.

HYMN CXV. Long Metre.

Praise from the heavenly bodies.

I.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.

II.

Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Doth his creator's pow'r display;
And publishes to ev'ry land,
The work of an almighty hand.

III.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale;
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

IV.

Whilst all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole:

V.

What tho' in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What tho' no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found:

VI. In

VI.

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
The band which made us is divine.

HYMN CXVI. Common Metre.

The God of nature worshipp'd.

I.

Hail king supreme! all wise and good,
To thee our thoughts we raise;
While nature's beauties wide display'd,
Inspire our souls with praise.

II.

At morning, noon, and ev'ning mild,
Thy works engage our view;
Oft as we gaze our hearts exult
With transports ever new.

III.

Thy glory beams in ev'ry star
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the rising face of morn
With rays of cheering light.

IV.

The sunny hill, the dewy lawn
With thousand beauties shine;
The silent grove, and awful shade
Proclaim thy pow'r divine.

G 6

V. From

V.

From tree to tree, a constant hymn
 Employs the feather'd throng;
 To thee their chearful notes they swell,
 And chaunt their grateful song.

VI.

Great nature's God ! still may these scenes
 Our serious hours engage;
 Still may our grateful hearts consult
 Thy works instructive page.

HYMN CXVII. Long Metre.

The God of grace.

I.

God, who in various methods told
 His mind and will to saints of old,
 Sent his own son with truth and grace,
 To teach us in these latter days.

II.

Our nation reads the written word,
 That book of life, that true record;
 The bright inheritance of heav'n
 Is by this sure conveyance giv'n.

III.

God's kindest thoughts are here exprest;
 Able to make us wise and blest:
 The doctrines are divinely true,
 Fit for reproof and comfort too.

IV. O

IV.

O render thanks to God above,
For his rich grace, his boundless love;
Let all mankind receive his word,
And ev'ry nation praise the Lord.

HYMN CXVIII. Short Metre.

A song of praise.

I.

In God's own house pronounce his praise,
His grace he there reveals;
To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
For there his glory dwells.

II.

Let all your sacred passions move,
While you rehearse his deeds;
But the great work of saving love,
Your highest praise exceeds.

III.

All that have motion, life and breath,
Proclaim your maker blest;
Yet when our voice expires in death,
Our souls shall praise him best.

HYMN CXIX. Short Metre.

Seeking God.

I.

My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

II.

For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compar'd with this,
To serve and please the Lord.

III.

To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live;
Not the rich dainties of a feast,
Such food or pleasure give.

IV.

In wakeful hours of night
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

V.

Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

HYMN CXX. Long Metre.

Subjection to God the Father of our Spirits.

Heb. xii. 9.

I.

Eternal source of life and thought,
Be all beneath thyself forgot;
Whilst thee, great parent-mind, we own
In prostrate homage round thy throne.

II.

Whilst in themselves our souls survey
Of thee some faint reflected ray,
They wond'ring to their Father rise;
His pow'r how vast! his thoughts how wise!

III.

Behold us as thine offspring, Lord,
And do not cast us off abhor'd;
Nor let thy hand, so long our joy,
Be rais'd in judgment to destroy.

IV.

O may we live before thy face,
The willing subjects of thy grace;
And thro' each path of duty move
With filial awe, and filial love.

HYMN CXXI. Common Metre.
The mercies of God acknowledged.

I.

Lord when I count thy mercies o'er
They strike me with surprise;
Not all the sands which spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

II.

My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill,
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.

III.

These on my heart by night I keep;
How kind, how dear to me!
O may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee.

HYMN CXXII. Long Metre.
Grace and Glory.

I.

Th' almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;
Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

II.

O ye that love his holy name,
Hate ev'ry work of sin and shame:
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of ill defends.

III. Immortal

III.

Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest blest our eyes.

IV.

Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace,
Can triumph in his holiness.

HYMN CXXIII. Common Metre.

Christ the light of the world.

Song of Simeon.

I.

Now let thy servant die in peace,
From this vain world dismiss;
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord;
And hasten to my rest.

II.

Thy long expected grace, disclos'd
Before the people's view,
Hath prov'd thy love was constant still,
And promises were true.

III.

This is the sun, whose chearing ray
Through Gentile darkness spreads:
Pours glory round thy chosen race,
And blessings on their heads.

HYMN

HYMN CXXIV. Common Metre.

Christ's coming and office foretold.

I.

Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promis'd long:
Let ev'ry heart a throne prepare,
And ev'ry voice a song!

II.

On him the spirit largely shed,
Exerts its sacred fire:
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breath inspire.

III.

He comes, the pris'ners to relieve
In Satan's bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

IV.

He comes, from thickest clouds of vice
To clear the darken'd mind;
And from on high, a saving light
To pour upon the blind.

V.

He comes, the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

HYMN

HYMN CXXV. Common Metre.

Christ's kingdom.

I.

HEAR what the Lord in vision said,
And made his mercy known:
“Sinners, behold, your help is laid
“On my beloved son.”

II.

Behold the man my wisdom chose
Among your mortal race;
His head my holy oil o’erflows,
The spirit of my grace.

III.

High shall he reign on David’s throne,
My people’s better king;
My arm shall beat his rivals down,
And still new subjects bring.

IV.

My truth shall guard him in his way,
With mercy by his side,
While in my name thro’ earth and sea
He shall in triumph ride.

V.

Me for his father and his God
He shall for ever own,
Call me his rock, his high abode;
And I’ll support my son.

VI. My

VI.

My first-born son array'd in grace
At my right hand shall sit;
Beneath him angels know their place,
And monarchs at his feet.

VII.

My covenant stands for ever fast;
My promises are strong;
Firm as the heav'n his throne shall last,
His seed endure as long.

HYMN CXXVI. Long Metre.

Christ exalted; or, the success of the gospel.

I.

Thus the eternal Father spake
To Christ the son: "Ascend and sit
At my right hand, till I shall make
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

II.

From Zion shall thy word proceed,
"Thy word, the scepter in thy hand,
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
And bow their wills to thy command.

III.

"That day shall shew thy pow'r is great,
"When saints shall flock with willing
"minds,
"And sinners croud thy temple gate,
"Where holiness in beauty shines."

IV.

O blessed pow'r! O glorious day!
 What a large vict'ry shall ensue!
 And converts who thy grace obey,
 Exceed the drops of morning dew.

HYMN CXXVII. Long Metre.

The Christian's farewell. 2 Cor. xiii. 2.

I.

Thy presence, everlasting God,
 Wide o'er all nature spreads abroad;
 Thy watchful eyes, which cannot sleep,
 In ev'ry place thy children keep.

II.

While near each other we remain,
 Thou dost our lives and souls sustain;
 When absent, happy if we share
 Thy smiles, thy counsels, and thy care.

III.

To thee we all our ways commit,
 And seek our comforts near thy feet;
 Still on our souls vouchsafe to shine,
 And guard and guide us still as thine.

IV.

Give us in thy beloved house,
 Again to pay our grateful vows;
 Or, if that joy no more be known,
 Give us to meet around thy throne.

I N D E X;

O R,

A TABLE to find a suited Hymn to particular Subjects and Occasions.

** The Figures refer to the H Y M N S.

A.	C.
A Cceptable worship 94 Accession of Geo. 1. from the 75 Psalm, 110.	Calamity public, Psalm i time of, 113.
Adversity, 50.	Charitable Judgment, 107.
Afflictions, God to be praised in them, 47. Benefit of them, 74. Sanctified 78.	Chastisement, see Afflictions.
Aged Christians song 103.	Christ sent into the World, 53, 117. The light of the World, 123. Coming and Office foretold, 124.
All-seeing God, see Omnis- cience	Death and Resurrection foretold, 90. Kingdom, 125. Hope of Salvation by him, 89. Exalted, 126.
Anger of God, <i>Psalm</i> , 34, 36.	Christian, his happiness in death, 80, 103. Aged, his Song, 103. Fare- well, 126.
Assistance divine prayed for 76.	Christians, Sons of God, 87.
B. Benefit of Afflictions, 74.	Civil Government, its Bless- ings, 111.
Blessedness of Saints, 61.	Compassion of God, en- dures for ever, 16.
Blessings of Civil Govern- ment, 111.	Comfort from the Scriptures, 66, 68. And deliver- ance sought, 72.
Book of Nature and Scrip- ture, 54.	Confidence
Breathing after holiness, 71.	
Britain, her peculiar happi- ness, 112.	
Brotherly Love, 106.	



INDEX to the HYMNS.

- Confidence in the Divine
Protection, 24, 88.
 Confidence, *tenderness of*
 73.
 Consciousness of the Divine
Presence, its effects, 24.
 Covenant of Grace eternal,
 31, 32.
 Counsels of God, *unchangeable*, 19.
 Courage in Persecutions, 77.
 Creation, 8, 9, 37, 53.
 Of Mankind, 10.
 D.
 Death of Christ foretold, 90.
 Delaying Sinners warned,
 60.
 Delight in the Lacerus of God,
 63, 64, 65, 75, 117.
 Public Worship, 95.
 Deliverance from Ship-
 wreck, 29. And com-
fort sought, 72, 74.
 Dependence on God, 24,
 25, 26, 45.
 Desire of Knowledge, 69.
 Devotion, *mental*, 96. *Fa-
 mily*, 98. *Public*, 95.
Vain without Virtue, 93,
 94.
 Dying Christian his Happi-
 ness, 80, 103.
 E.
 Encouragement from the
presence of God, 104.
 Equity of the Divine Dis-
 pensations, 21.
 Eternity of God, 14, 81.
*Alone can utter the praise
 of God*, 43. *Of God's
 Mercy*, 38. *Life the
 only Season of Preparation
 for it*, 85.
 Evening Hymn, 101, 102.
 F.
 Fear of God, 73.
 Forgiveness of God, *its effi-
 cacy*, 16.
 Frailty of Man, 83, 84.
 G.
 God, his Unity and Self-
 Existence, 3, 37. *The
 Creator*, 1, 2, 8, 9, 10,
 37. *The Supreme Lord
 of all*, 9. *The Lord of
 Nature*, 52, 116. *His
 eternal Dominion*, 14, 81,
 82. *The greatness of his
 Works*, 37, 42, 53, 116.
His Power uncontrollable,
 4, 16. *His Wisdom in
 his Works*, 19, 20, 33,
 38. *Incomprehensible*, 6.
His Wisdom unsearchable,
 4. *His Counsels unchan-
 geable*, 19. *His Immu-
 tability*, 5, 13. *His
 Goodness* 1, 2, 11, 12.
Unchangeable, 13. *His
 Providence*, 22, 23, 25,
 27, 39, 40, 41, 43.
*The equity of his Dispen-
 sations*, 21. *Confidence
 in his Protection*, 24. *De-
 pendence*

INDEX to the H Y M N S.

- pendence on his providential Care*, 25, 26, 44.
Encouragement from his presence, 104. *Our constant Benefactor*, 49. *Our Father, and our Friend*, 4, 26, 30, 79, 88. *His peculiar Goodness to his Servants*, 51. *His preserving Goodness acknowledged*, 29. *His anger*, 34, 36. *His Mercy*, 15, 16. *Eternal* 38, 53; *His Truth*, 1, 2, 39. *His Faithfulness*, 31. *To be praised in Prosperity or Adversity*, 50. *All-seeing*, 7, 97, 107. *His Perfections*, 4, 23, 30, 33, 34, 36. *The Excellence of his Law*, 54, 55. *Our Shepherd*, 24, 60. *The Retitude of his Judgments*, 74. *Omnipresent*, 7, 40, 97.
Good Men the peculiar Care of God, 23, 51. *Walk by Faith*, 89. *Happy*, 48, 61. *Their Happiness in Death*, 80, 103. *Heaven*, 99.
Goodness of God, 1, 2, 11. *Unchangeable*, 13. *Universal*, 27.
Gospel, our Salvation, 45, 55, 117. *Its Excellence*, 64, 68, 88, *Its success*, 56, 126. *and delight in it*, 64. *Its Comforts*, 66, 68. *Grace of God, the Basis of our heavenly Hopes*, 109. *And Glory*, 122. *Gratitude to God*, 43.
H.
Happiness of good Men, 48, 61. *Of the dying Christian*, 80, 103. *Of Heaven*, 99. *Hatred of Sin, the best proof of Knowledge*, 32. *Heaven, its eternal joys*, 99. *Heaven, its Rewards not of Debt but of Grace*, 109. *Holiness and Comfort from the Scriptures*, 66. *Desired*, 71.
Holy Fear, 73. *Resolutions*, 75.
Hope of Heaven by Christ's Resurrection, 89.
Human Praise inadequate to divine Themes, 37. *Life, its Importance*, 84. *see Man*.
Hymn, *see* Psalm.
Hypocrites, *infringacy of their Devotions*, 94.
J.
Jehovah, his creative Power, reigns alone, supreme, self-existent, and eternal, 37. *Jesus, see* Christ.
Immutability, the divine, 5, 13.
Importance

In
 In
 Ju
 Ju
 L
 L
 L
 L
 L
 L
 M
 M
 M
 M
 N

INDEX to the H Y M N S.

Importance of human Life,

84, 85.

Instruction from Scripture,

64.

Judgments of God, their

restitude, 74.

Justice of God, impartial,

4. And Integrity, 109.

L.

Last Day, 37.

Law of God, delight in it,

63, 64, 65, 75.

Life, its Importance, 84,

see Man. The only Sea-

son of preparation for Eter-

nity, 85.

Longing after God, 119.

Lord's Prayer imitated, 105.

Lord's Day, a Psalm for the

57. Morning, a Psalm

for the 58.

Love brotherly, recommend-

ed, 106.

M.

Man, his Creation, 10.

Worthiness, 14, 42.

The Shortness of his Days,

16, 81, 82, 83, 84.

Mercy of God, eternal 38,

53.

Misery of Sinners, 61.

Morning Psalm, 100.

Mortality of Man, 81, 82.

N.

Nature, book of, 54, 115,

116. Its Imperfection, 67.

New-Year's Day, Psalm

for, 114.

O.

Obedience Professions of, 63.

Better than Sacrifice, 91.

92.

Omnipresence of God, 7,

40, 97. The effects of

its Consideration, 24.

Omniscience, the divine 7,

107.

P.

Perfection Human, vanity

of all Pretences to it, 67.

Perfections of God, 4, 23,

30, 34, 36.

Persecution, courage in it,

77. Forbid, 107, 108.

Perseverance in Trials, 77.

Pity recommended, 106.

Pleading the Promises, 70,

Praise, to God the Creator.

1, 2, 8, 9, 10. For

his Wisdom in his Works,

19, 20, 33, 38. For

his Createness, 35. Je-

boahab, 37. The one liv-

ing and true God, 3. Of

the divine Perfections, 4,

33, 34, 36. To God

our Father and our Friend,

30. For his Mercies, 15,

16, 17, 18. For Tem-

poral and Spiritual Mer-

its,

H

INDEX to the HYMN 8.

Sacrifice less acceptable than Obedience, 91, 92.	Thanks due to God always in all things, 47, 48.
Saints, their Blessedness, 61.	Thanksgiving, see Praise.
Salvation in the Gospel, 54.	Time, the Wisdom of re- deeming it, 86.
Sanctified Afflictions, 78.	
Scriptures, instruction from them, 64. Delight in them, 63, 64, 65, 117.	Trial, perseverance under them, 77.
Holiness and Comfort from them, 66. Their Per- fection, 67. Excellency and variety, 68, 88.	Trust in God under trouble, 79.
Secret Devotion, 63, 96,	Truth of God, eternal, 33, 39.
97.	V. Vanities of Man, 81, 82.
Seeking Comfort and Deli- verance, 72. God, 119.	Universe, its Creation and final Dissolution, 37.
Shipwreck, deliverance from 29.	W. Warning to delaying Sinners, Ways of God holy and just, 17, unsearchable, 36.
Shortness of Life, 16, 83.	Wicked, see Sinners.
Sim, barred of it, the best Proof of Knowledge, 32.	Wisdom of God unsearchable, 4. Of redeeming Time, 85.
Sinners warned, 60. Their Misery, 61.	Word of God, its excellence, 55, 64.
Sincerity, 63.	Works of God, great and glorious, 19, 53.
Song, of Simeon, 123.	Worthlessness of Man, 14, 42.
Sons of God, Christians the 87.	Worship, sincere only accep- table, 94. Public, 95.
Sovereignty of God, 9.	Family, 98. See Devo- tion.
Subjection to God, 120.	
T. Tenderness of Conscience, 73.	

A TABLE to find out any HYMN
or Part of a HYMN by the first
Line of it.

	Page 11
A lmighty God ! thy powerful word	117
And art thou with us, gracious Lord	121
All-seeing God ! 'tis time to know	
B ehold the lofty sky	64
Behold the morning sun	65
Behold thy waiting servant, Lord	81
Blest are the undel'd in heart	71
Blest be the everlasting God	102
C an creatures, to perfection, find	6
Come, found his praise abroad	69
Come, let our voices join to raise	70
Consider all my sorrows, Lord	85
Could we so false, so faithless prove	8
D eath, like an overshadowing stream	93
E ternal God, almighty cause	3
Eternal source of ev'ry joy	14
Eternal sov'reign Lord on high	125
Eternal source of life and thought	135
F ather of men, who can complain	23
Father, I blest thy gentle hand	89
Father, what wondrous grace	100
Father,	100

A T A B L E to the H Y M N S.

Father divine, thy piercing eye	Page 110
Father of men, thy care we blest	111
Father of all ! eternal mind	118.

G

Give thanks to God most high	44
Give thanks to God most high	62.
God of our lives, whose bounteous care	55
God of eternity, from thee	12.
God of the sabbath, hear our vows	99.
God of the morning, at whose voice	112.
God of my childhood and my youth	113
God, who in various methods told	116.
Great God ! thy glories shall employ	132.
Great first of beings ! mighty Lord	4
Great God, how endless is thy love.	10
Great God, how infinite art thou	14
Great God, the heav'n's well-order'd frame	15.
Great Lord of earth, and seas, and skies	22
Great is-the Lord ; his works of might	27
Great God, to thee, our grateful tongues	35
Great God ! to thee our grateful tongues	30.
Great God, our joyful thanks to thee	57
Great God, permit us not to be	56.
Great God, we sing that mighty hand.	109.
	129.

H

Hail King supreme ! all wise and good	131.
Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims	92
Hear what the Lord in vision said	139.
High in the heav'n's, eternal God	25
How are thy servants blest, O Lord	31
How shall the young secure their hearts	74.
How pleasant, how divinely far	108.
Hark the glad sound the Saviour comes	138.
	Jehovah.

A T A B L E to the H Y M N S.

On thee, O God, we still depend	-	page 28
O render thanks to God above	-	57
O thou, the wretched's sure retreat	-	20
O that the Lord would guide my ways	-	82
O that thy statutes ev'ry hour	-	86
Our souls repeat his praise	-	18
Our never-ceasing songs shall show	-	34

P

Praise ye the Lord; our God to praise	-	36
Praise to God, immortal praise	-	58

S

Say, should we fear the globe around	-	126
Sing to the Lord with joyful voice	-	2
Songs of immortal praise belong	-	21
Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace	-	13
Sweet is the work, O God, our King	-	67

T

The Almighty reigns exalted high	-	136
The spacious firmament on high	-	130
The veil of night is no disguise	-	9
The Lord my pasture shall prepare	-	26
The earth, and all the heav'nly frame	-	29
The Lord Jehovah reigns	-	33
The heav'n's declare thy glory, Lord	-	66
Th' uplifted eye and bended knee	-	106
Thee will be blest, our God and King	-	37
Thee we adore, eternal God	-	95
Thou art my portion, gracious God	-	73
Thro' endless years thou art the same	-	5
Thro' all the various shifting scene	-	24
Thro' ev'ry age, eternal God	-	92
Thus saith the Lord, " the spacious fields	-	104
Thus far the Lord has led us on	-	114
Thy mercies fill the earth, O Lord	-	80
Thy presence everlasting God	-	141
On	-	70

40
23
22
33
19
78
98
38
115
7
47
68
77
79
96
136
103
87
134
137
17
39
45
83
91
94
100
107
120
75
49
On

A T A B L E to the H Y M N S.

To thee, most holy, and most high	page
To thee, before the dawning light	72
Thus the eternal father spake	140

U

Uast are thy works, almighty Lord	48
Upward we lift our eyes	53

W

W e love the volumes of thy word	101
When Abra'm full of sacred awe	127
When all thy mercies, O my God	50
When worn with sickness, oft hast thou	51
When pain and anguish seize me, Lord	89
Wherewith shall we approach thee, Lord	105
With pleasing wonder, Lord, we view	60
With glory clad, with strength array'd	61
With my whole heart I've sought thy face	84

Y

Ye nations round the earth rejoice



PSALM-TUNES.

PSALM



TUNES.



72
140

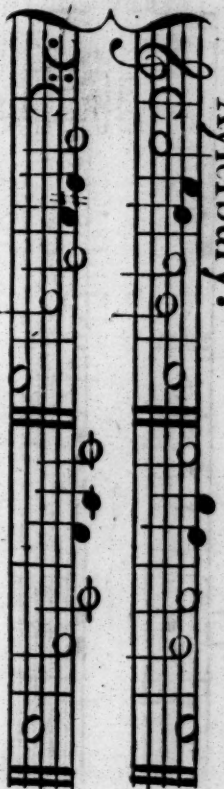
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101
127
50
51
89
105
60
61
84

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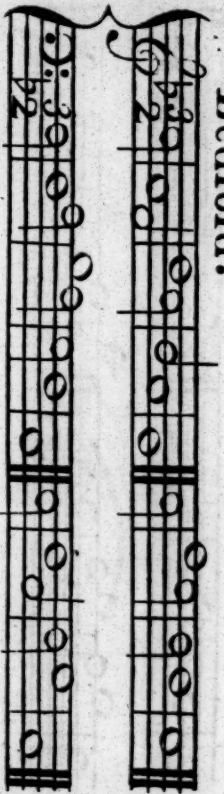
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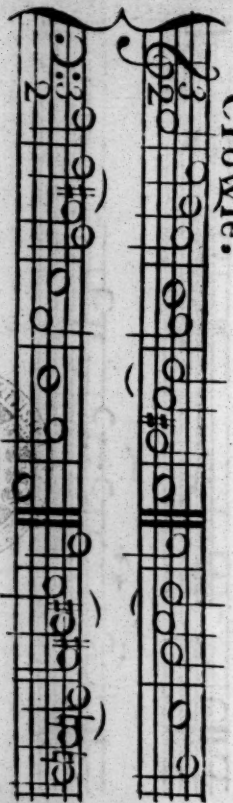
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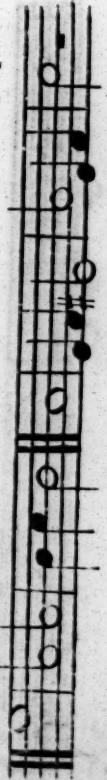
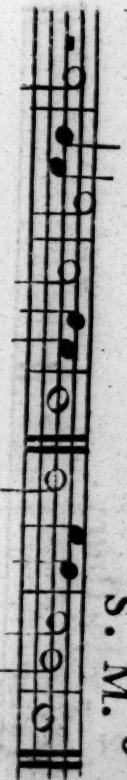
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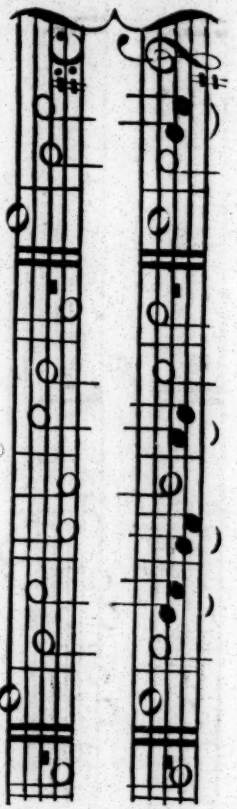
C. M.



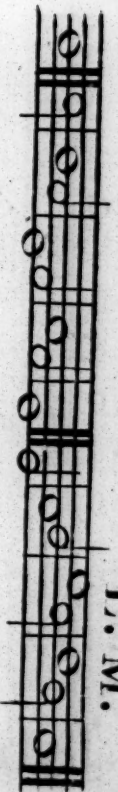
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I. M. 5



C. M. D.

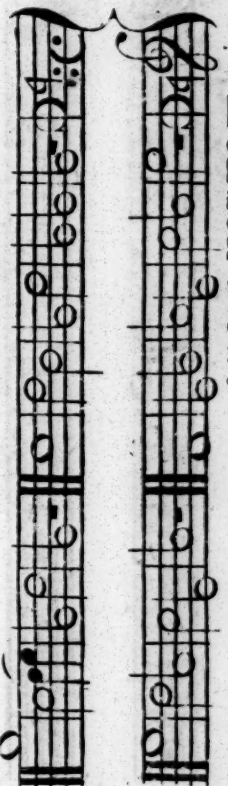


Wington.

I. M.



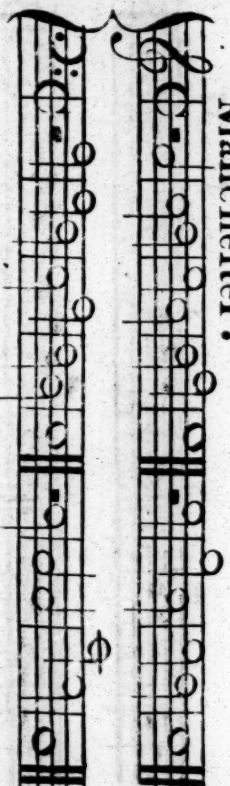
London New.



Low Dutch.



Manchester.

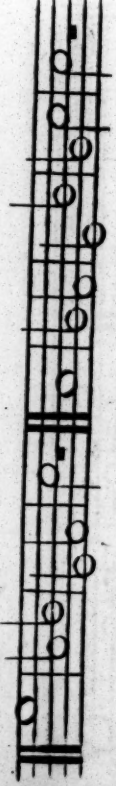
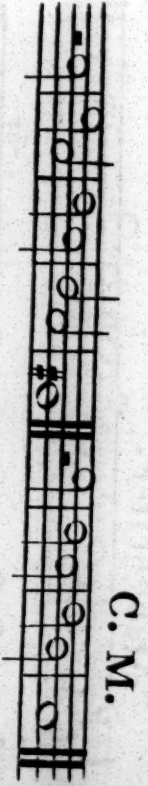
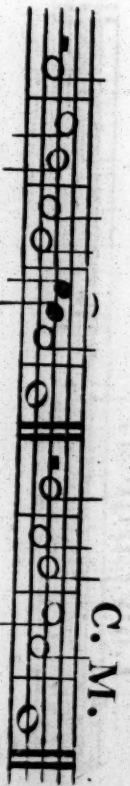
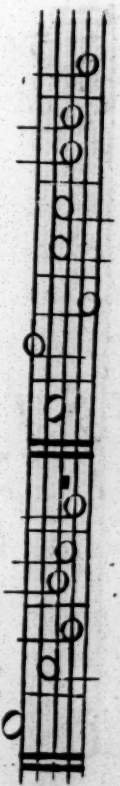
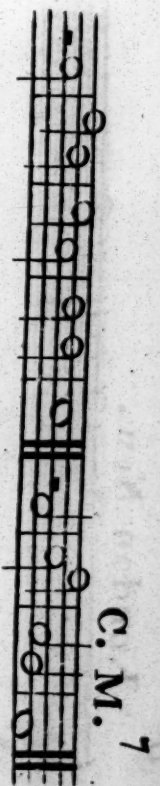


Newberry.



Newcastle.





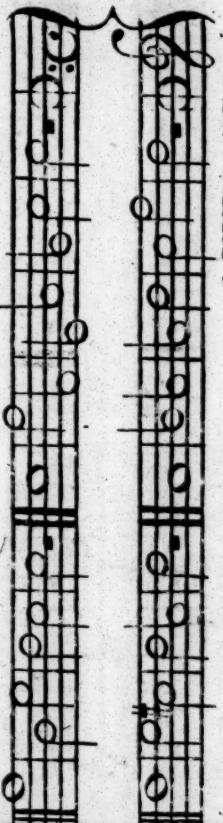
Northampton.



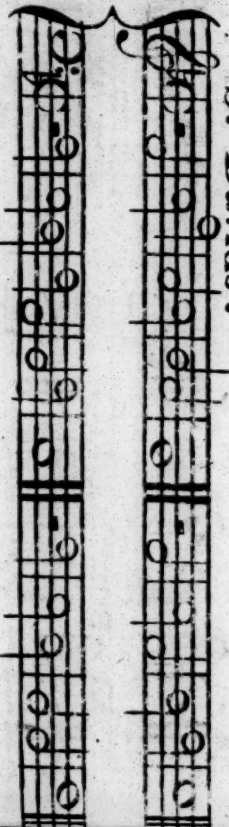
Old 100.



St. Ann's.



St. David's.



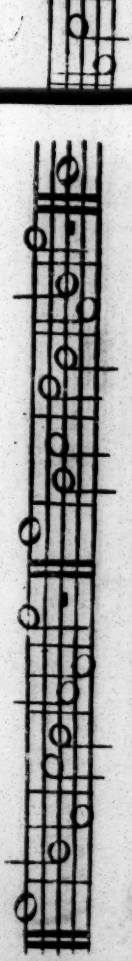
St. Georges.



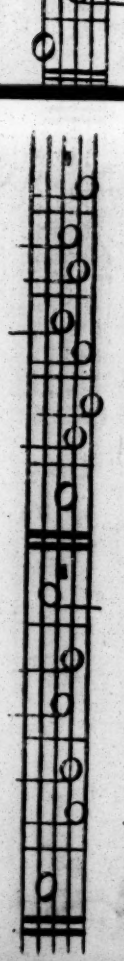
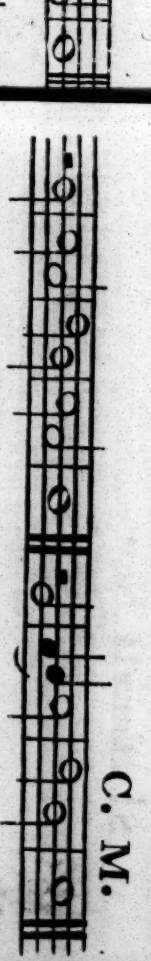
C. M. 9



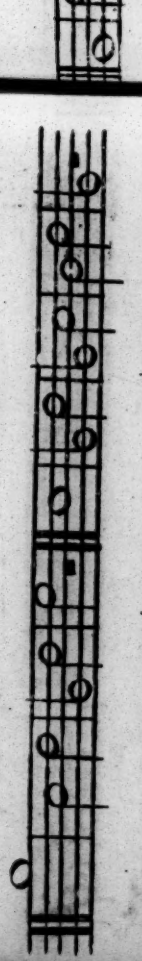
L. M.



C. M.



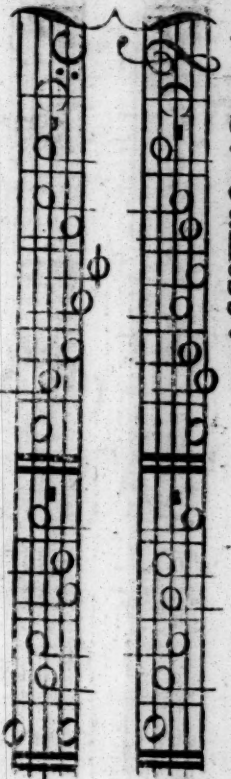
C. M.



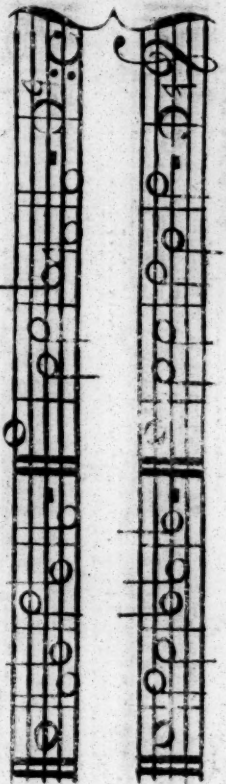
C. M.



10 St. James's.



Southwell.



Southwell New.



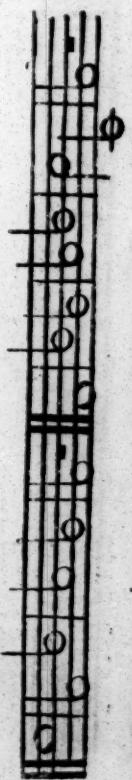
Stroudwater.



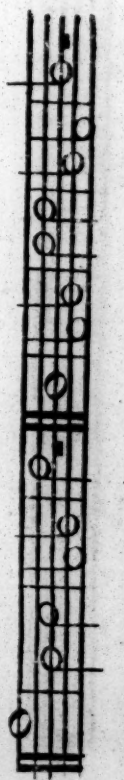
Sufford.



C. M. 11



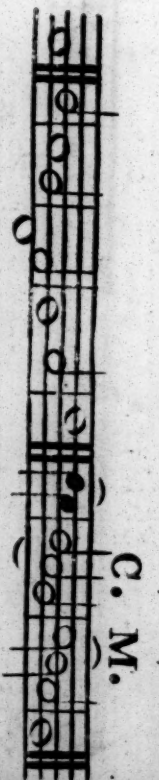
S. M.



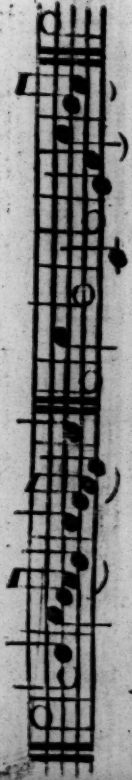
S. M.



C. M.



1. M.



Sutton.



Walfal,



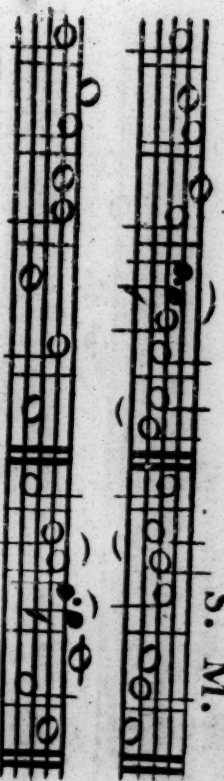
Weston Favel.



Whitchurch.



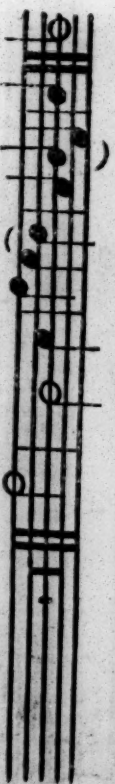
S. M.



C. M.



C. M.



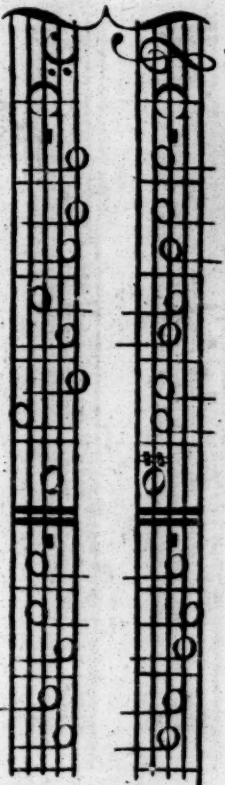
S. M.



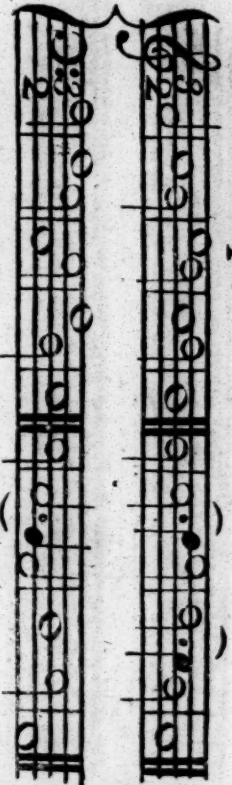
14 Winchester.



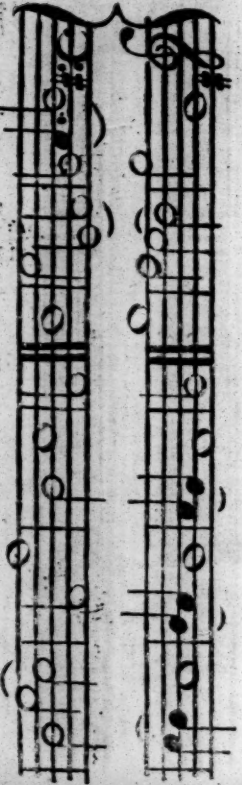
Windfor.



Worklop.



Yarmouth.



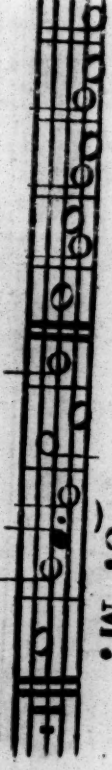
L. M. 15.



C. M.

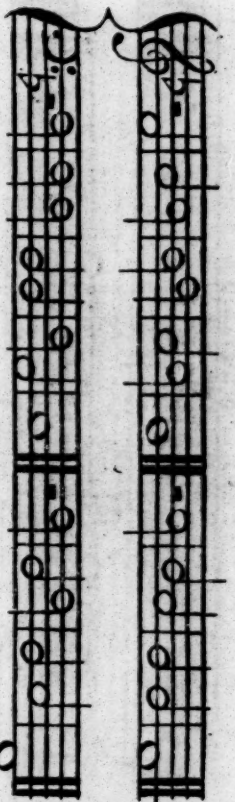
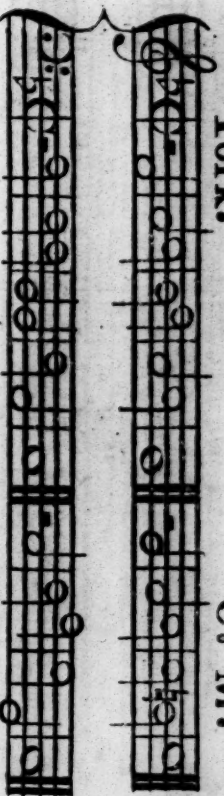


C. M.



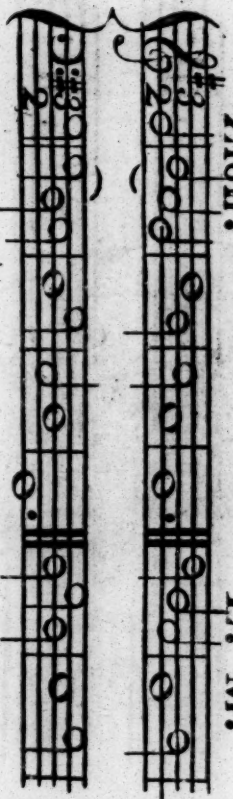
P. M.





Zion.

I. M.



Rochford.
L.M.